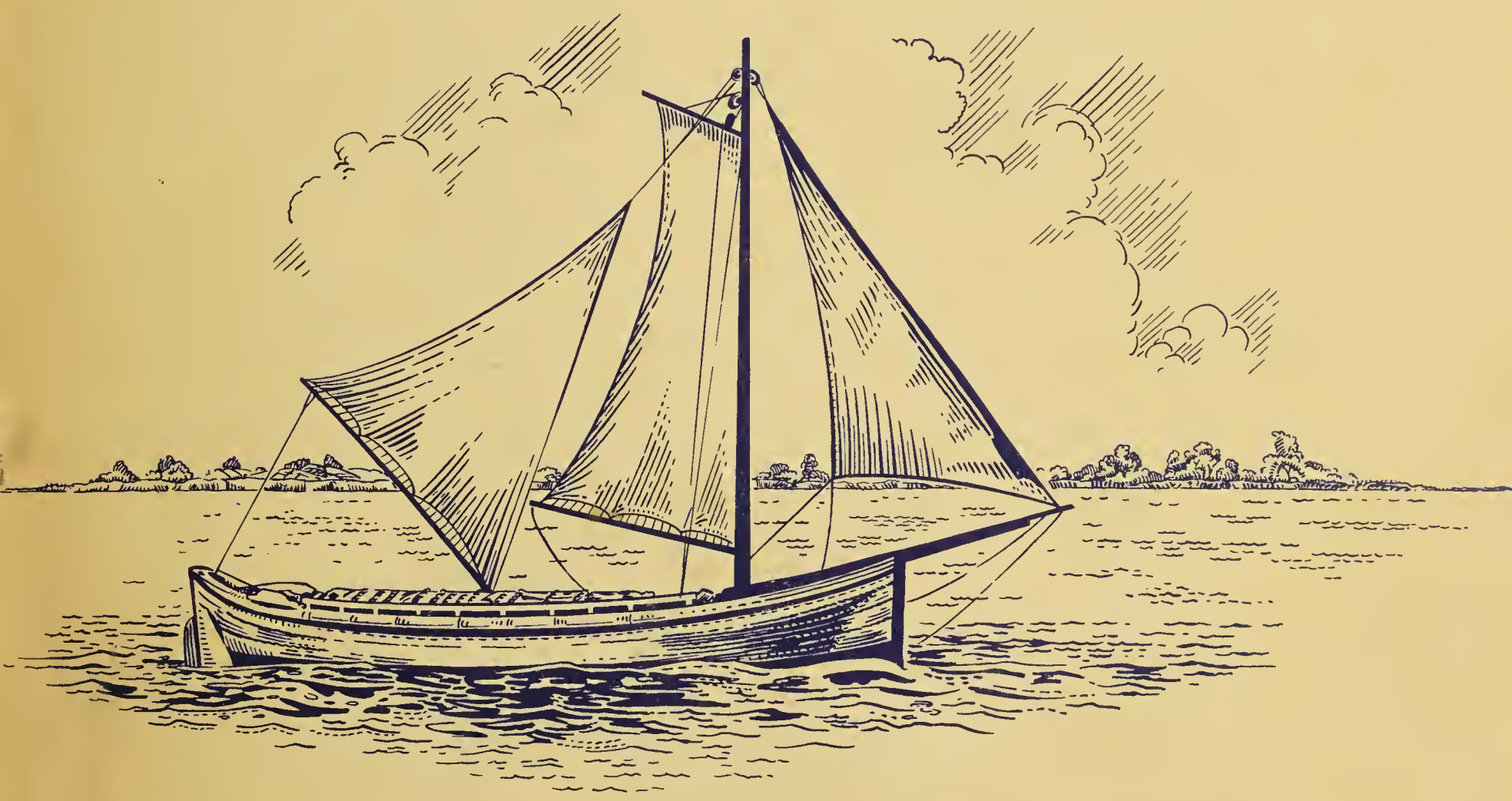
A Voyage of Pleasure

the Log of Bernard Gilboy's Transpacific Cruise in the Boat "Pacific" 1882-1883

Edited and Annotated by JOHN BARR TOMPKINS



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JOHNSON, Slocum and others of single-handed passage fame, have been read and re-read by generations of those who follow the sea, either actively or from the warmth and comfort of an arm chair beside the fire. Now a heretofore little known single-handed passage by Bernard Gilboy in 1882-1883 is again available (or rather: Now Available) in this edited and annotated edition and destined to join the other illustrious narratives describing single-handed voyages.

Bernard Gilboy, originally of Buffalo, New York, left San Francisco, California on August 19th 1882 on what was described on his Customs Certificate as "a voyage of pleasure for Australia". Gilboy's craft, the Boat "Pacific", was 19 feet in length, had a six foot beam and was 2 feet six inches deep. She was fuller aft than forward, with very little deadrise. Clearly intended for the westward run to Australia through essentially a fair wind area, and was not designed to point into the wind. It is evident, not only from her lines, but from reported runs, that she was well designed to sail off wind.

Gilboy's adventures on his passage to Australia were full of all the hazards and escapes that be-

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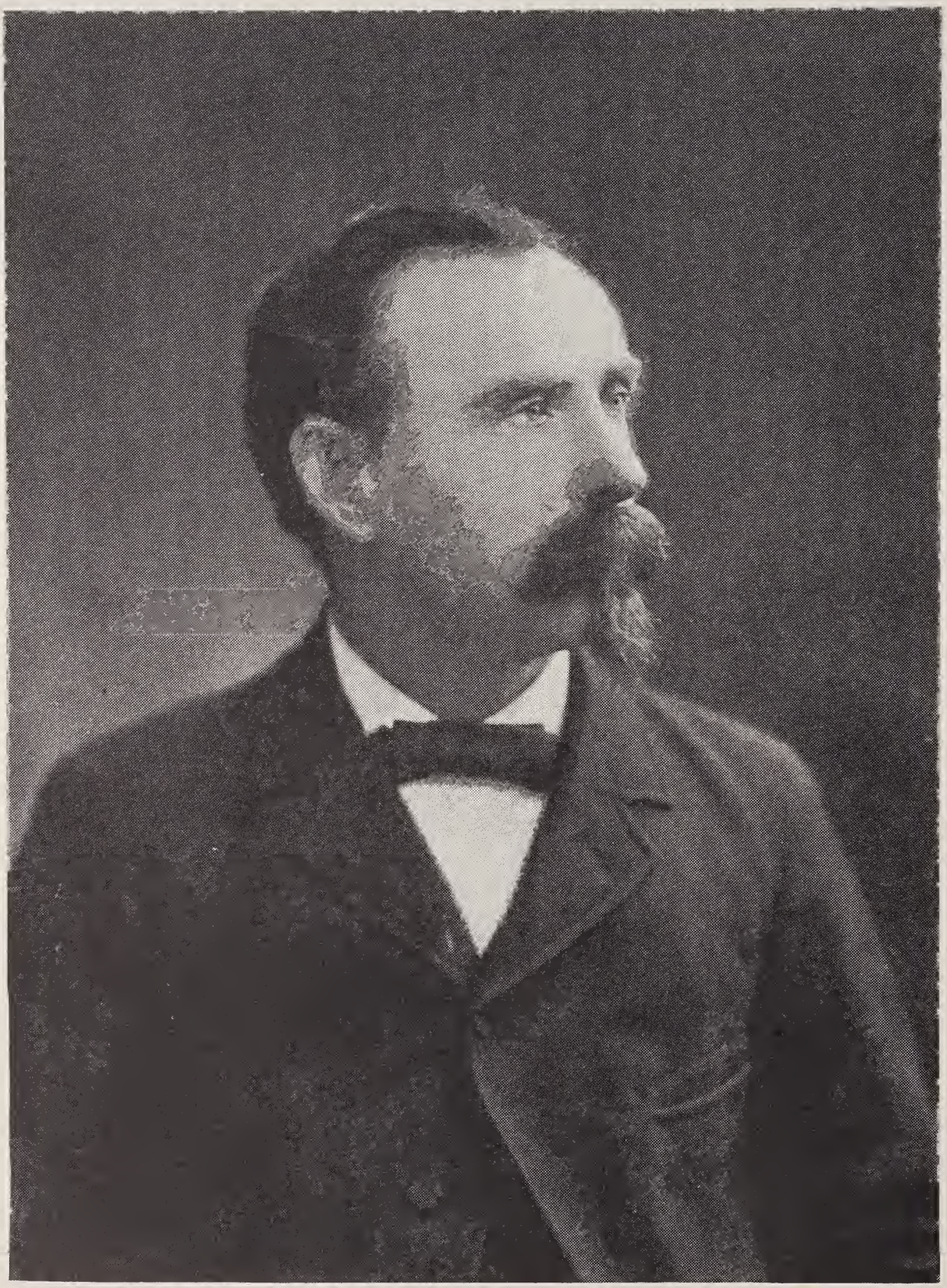

Bernard Gilboy in 1904 from the original in the possession of Mrs. Thomas W. Gilboy, of Piedmont, California.

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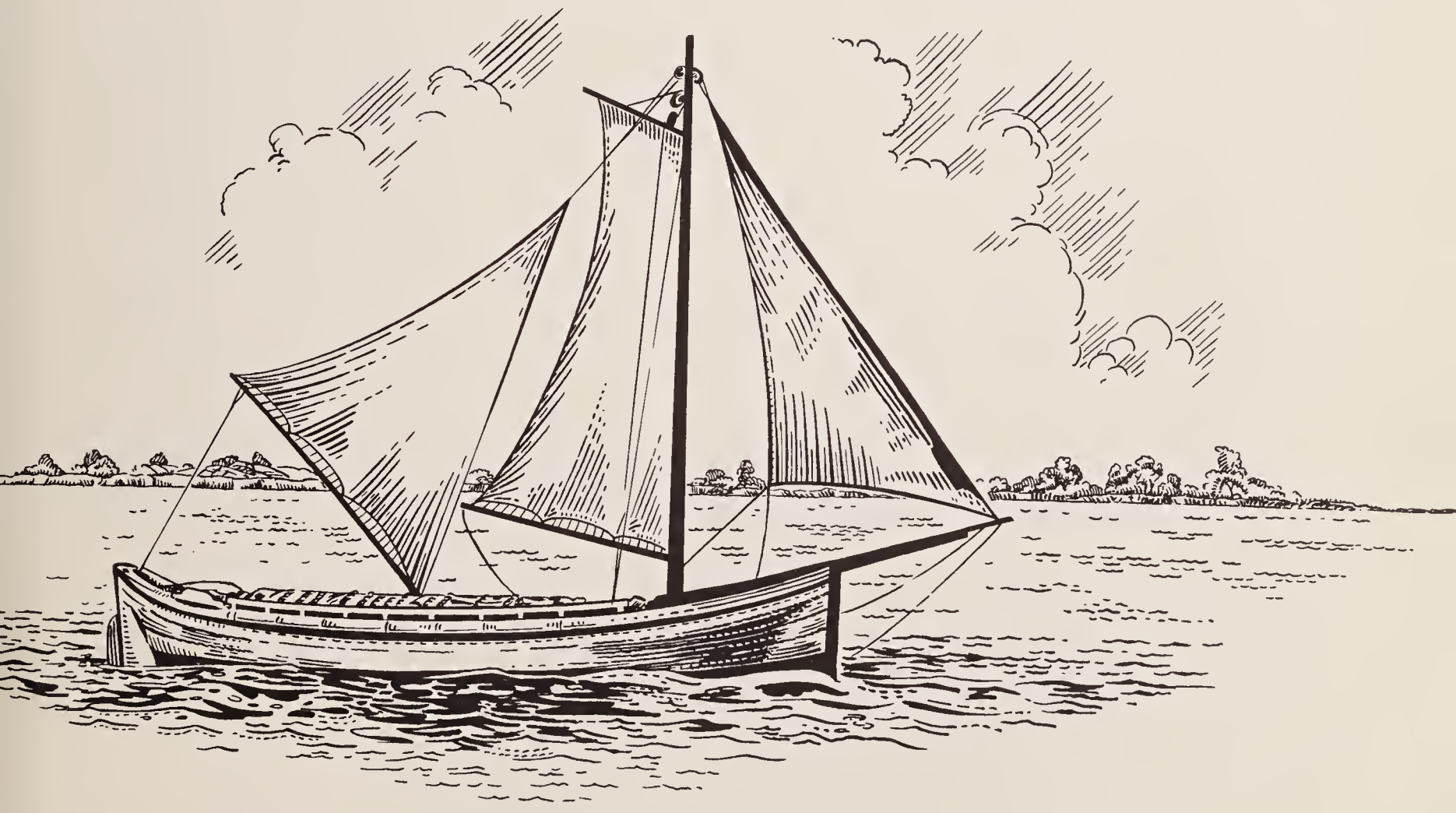

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For

Dorothy

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Foreword

The log of Bernard Gilboy's passage in the boat "Pacific" from San Francisco to Australia in 1883 is virtually unknown. The first printing of the account sold for one shilling in Sydney and was apparently job printed in a very small edition. From what little can be learned of Gilboy himself, it would seem that he did not seek, at least after he returned to the United States, any particular publicity. So far as I can determine, he and his craft were on public exhibit in San Francisco on only two weekends in October 1883.

Aside from the Bancroft Library copy, here reprinted in full, I have been able to locate only five copies in the United States, today. Three are in the libraries of Stanford University, California State Library, and Buffalo Historical Society. George Gilboy of San Francisco has a copy, and I possess one.

None of the usual sources of information concerning transoceanic single-handed passages which I consulted had ever heard of the Gilboy trip. Some of the institutions consulted were the New York Yacht Club, the San Francisco Maritime Museum, the Marine Museum at Mystic, Conn., *Yachting Magazine* and certain of the book dealers whose specialty is books relating to the sea.

In 1954, Jules Merrien's *Lonely Voyagers* gave Gilboy's trip brief mention, which appears to have been based upon a resumé of the Gilboy log that was prepared by Georg Bourg for *Revue Maritime* (ns no. 103: 507-27, July 1928) under the title "Un-Précurseur d'Alain Gerbault." This article seems to have been the first occasion, aside from contemporary newspaper accounts of 1883, on which Gilboy's achievement was recognized. Since the Bourg account, *Rudder Magazine* has carried two brief notices in which Gilboy's name appears as Gilfoy.

With the passage of time it is not surprising that but little information concerning Gilboy's background could be found. What little I have been able to discover through members of his family will, I hope, enhance the story for those who follow the sea, either actively or from the warmth and comfort of an arm chair beside the fire.

In order that the story may be presented with as little interruption as possible, a note on the plan of this volume is in order. The preliminary discussion deals with Bernard Gilboy in general, although very little is known of the intimate details of his life before or after his passage across the Pacific. The second part of this volume is a literal transcription of the published version of the "Pacific's" log. The only liberties taken with the log consist of reference numbers inserted to direct the reader's attention to a section of notes which follows.

It must be made clear at the outset that while Gilboy is the first man known to have attempted alone the long passage from San Francisco to Australia, he did not, in the strictest sense of the word, achieve his goal. After he had sailed some 7,000 miles, circumstances conspired to render him nearly helpless, and he was picked up along with his craft about 160 miles short of Australia.

Whether Gilboy could have, or would have, reached Australia unaided can never be known. He was in a state of near exhaustion, induced in part by lack of food; he was also in an area in which the winds and current were both favorable. My own feeling is that he might well have come ashore unaided had he not met the vessel which succored him.

As between Gilboy's Pacific adventure and Alfred Johnson's crossing of the Atlantic (Johnson is credited with the first crossing

of the Western Ocean), there seems little to choose. Johnson received food and drink from outside sources and it is unlikely that he could have finished his trip without such help; Gilboy received aid of another kind. Johnson lived to enjoy the fame so justly his due, and it seems to me that Gilboy, despite the unhappy turn events took to thwart his arrival under his own command, deserves far more attention and honor than has, up to now, been paid him. Let the reader judge.

Gilboy's track, as plotted from the positions given in the log, reveals with one exception, a fairly straightforward progression. His initial setbacks before he crossed the Equator were just sheer bad luck, but from that point on, once he got into a belt of fair winds, he moved ahead steadily and true for his destination until he reached what he calls Matthew Island. At this point he shows a long run to the north which he says was occasioned by Matthew Island lying athwart his route.

Without going into details here, this seems to be the only discrepancy to mar an otherwise sound narrative of the cruise. What Gilboy describes as Matthew Island does not correspond with the descriptions of Matthew Island in contemporary, or more recent, South Pacific sailing directories. Nor is there any land mass anywhere near Matthew Island that does fit what he says of the Island.

Since the original manuscript log has not been found, and presumably is not recoverable, it is impossible to determine whether or not the printed version differed from the shipboard record.

I am unable to explain this dilemma which is as intriguing as it is apparently insoluble.

Acknowledgements

For valuable assistance and continuing encouragement, I wish to express my gratitude to members of the Gilboy family, particularly, George Gilboy, youngest son, Mrs. Thomas W. Gilboy, daughter-in-law, and Rev. De Ross B. O'Connor, S. J., nephew.

For technical materials and criticism, I wish to thank Webster Kneass and Donald R. Lyon of San Francisco, Albert O. Snite of Norwich, Vermont, and Robert H. Becker and William R. Hawken of the University of California and Henry Rusk, of San Francisco.

For source materials from Australia, I am indebted to S. L. Wilson of the Maryborough *Chronicle,* Phyllis Mander Jones of The Mitchell Library, Sydney, and G. W. Farrell of Australasian United Steam Navigation Company, Ltd., Sydney. For permission to use the D. E. Mahoney Manuscript, I wish to thank Wilbur H. Glover, Buffalo Historical Society.

A Voyage of Pleasure

A Voyage of Pleasure

On January 29, 1883, the trading schooner "Alfred Vittery," of Maryborough, Australia, sighted and picked up a solitary and starvation-weakened navigator and his eighteen-foot double-ended schooner "Pacific" at a point about 160 miles northwest of Great Sandy Island. With this fortuitous rescue began the closing chapter in the story of Bernard Gilboy's adventure and daring that has rarely, if ever, been equalled in the annals of small-boat passages over the long reaches of the open sea.

A native of Buffalo, New York, Gilboy was the only son of William and Mary (Rappe, or Rhape) Guilboy, who emigrated from County Mayo, Ireland in the 1840's and moved to Buffalo after a short sojourn in St. Catherine's, Ontario, Canada.

Church records in Buffalo show Bernard to have been born September 24, 1852. Younger by three years than his twin sisters, Hannah and Belinda, Bernard was of a family marked for its unity, harmony and freedom from want.

According to the D. E. Mahoney manuscript biography of Bernard Gilboy in the Buffalo Historical Society, Bernard was, as a youth in school, possessed of a serious nature and an abiding

Bernard Gilboy and his twin sisters, Belinda and Hannah. From the original in the possession of Mrs. Thomas W. Gilboy, of Piedmont, California. The photograph was taken in 1896.

interest in the sea, which, until his seventeenth birthday, it is doubtful he had ever seen. Mary Gilboy, Bernard's eldest child and only daughter, remembers hearing stories of Bernard's passion for the water, and says that the family lived on the banks of the Niagara, on and in which young Bernard spent so much time as to incur his father's displeasure.

The Gilboy, or Guilboy, family, for so the name was spelled until Bernard himself changed it sometime after 1872, was ardently Catholic. Bernard attended Holy Angels Parish school and later Public School No. 19, in Buffalo.

By family training and through his own determined character, Bernard early proved himself to be a resourceful and intelligent person who in later years was remembered by his children as a thoughtful and kindly, although rarely-seen father. He neither smoked nor drank, yet he was apparently tolerant of such habits in others. Like his father, he tended to be thrifty and in accordance with family custom remained an adherent to his faith to the day of his death.

When Bernard was seventeen he left home, evidently with little or no warning to his family. His son George, of San Francisco, relates that young Bernard had expressed his desire for a pocket watch and had set about to save a hundred dollars with which to buy it. When the sum had finally been accumulated, Bernard used the funds to launch himself on the travels which were to occupy the balance of his life.

In New York City, on August 11, 1869, Bernard enlisted in the United States Navy for a term of three years. He entered the service with the lowest of all ratings—landsman. He was assigned to "regular service" rather than to the alternative "coast survey." He was described officially as having blue eyes, brown hair, light complexion, 5 feet 8¼ inches tall, and as being 21 years old!

His enlistment record noted "scar, rt. thumb, anchor L. hand." When Gilboy was mustered out of the Navy on January 22, 1872, his age was still given as 21 years. He had served aboard the "Powhatan," "Congress," "Swatara," and "Marion," and was mustered out aboard the "Vandalia," at Portsmouth.

Little is known of Gilboy's whereabouts between the time he left the Navy and returned to Buffalo. The San Francisco City Direc-

tory of 1876, lists him as a seaman aboard the steamer "Pelican," and the Mahoney manuscript states that at some time during this prolonged absence from home, Gilboy sailed alone from British Columbia to the Sandwich Islands. (Further discussion of this trip is found on page 61.)

Gilboy returned to Buffalo in 1878 or 1879. Mahoney says that it was at "the earnest entreaty of his relatives [that] he remained in Buffalo for some 3½ years."

The traveller turned grocer, setting up his store on the corner of Forest Avenue and Niagara Street, on land which had been acquired by his father years earlier. To his new style of living he added a wife, Catherine Loretta Whalon, a close friend of his twin sisters.

Apparently two years as a grocer were enough for him. The Mahoney sketch says: "His relatives hoped he would remain in Buffalo. But it seems the sea had a peculiar charm for him. He sold his business and said he was going to California to do business and live there where he was better spirited than in Buffalo, leaving his wife and one baby [Mary Gilboy who now resides in San Francisco] . . . not letting anyone know of his intentions of taking this trip [to Australia]."

The date of Gilboy's arrival in San Francisco or the route by which he went West are not known. His name does not appear in the City Directories just prior to his departure across the Pacific, and it is likely that had he been in the city for a year's time he would have been listed.

He obtained employment with the United Workmen's Shoe Factory, but it seems doubtful that this work was more than a stopgap until his plans for the trans-Pacific voyage were realized. Mary Gilboy told me that at this time in his career Gilboy was relatively comfortable financially.

One might venture the guess that his intention to return to San Francisco may well have been influenced more by the access that city afforded to the sea than for any serious interest in business opportunities. The subsequent record shows that, save for a few short intervals, it was upon the Pacific Ocean that Gilboy spent the balance of his life.

The year 1882 saw his plans mature. Gilboy engaged the firm of Burns and Kneass, San Francisco boat builders, to construct an eighteen-foot schooner-rig craft which he named "Pacific."

Of the vessel her skipper tells little in the log; and the records of her builders were destroyed in the fire of 1906. Happily, however, one photograph of the vessel is in the possession of Gilboy's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Thomas W. Gilboy, of Piedmont, California. This rare picture, shown on page 6 was taken after the passage was concluded. The details supplied by these two sources, while incomplete, are probably sufficient to give an idea of how "Pacific" must have looked when she was launched.

Mr. Webster Kneass and his designer, Richard Lyon, believe that "Pacific" had bent white oak frames and foundation, cedar planking, spruce deck (canvas covered), spruce top strake and spars, and oak mast bands and galvanized iron fittings throughout. The drawings of deck and sheer plans and body lines are reproduced opposite page 64.

It is clear that "Pacific" could not have pointed high into the wind with her slight dead rise and her slight lateral plane. It is equally clear that off the wind she could have been expected to go very well; and her log shows that she did. The greater part of the voyage from San Francisco to Australia was a "downhill" run, so far as winds were concerned.

There are some who will find the schooner-rig on an eighteen-footer too cumbersome. This is a matter of personal opinion. Gilboy apparently selected the rig which appeared strongest and safest to him. I believe most deepwater sailors would agree with his choice. There is great comfort in knowing that if one mast goes by the board in mid-ocean the remaining mast may *not*. Events were to prove in Gilboy's case that two masts were certainly better than one. How he might have fared had he lost both his masts when he capsized (and the capsizing can hardly be blamed on his rig) it is impossible to say; it is doubtful that he could have continued.

The reporter who wrote the story of Gilboy's arrival in Australia says that the vessel cost about $400, a fact which he could only have gotten from her owner. This sum would certainly have been

Bernard Gilboy and his craft, the "Pacific," eighteen-foot double ended schooner, in which he crossed the Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to Australia, August 18, 1882 to February 2, 1883. The Pacific is shown here in the rig with which she terminated her crossing. The photograph is thought to have been taken in Australia, probably at Maryborough. From the original photograph in the possession of Mrs. Thomas W. Gilboy, of Piedmont, California.

adequate to provide a well-found and sturdy boat, even if it included the cost of her gear and provisions, but on this point Gilboy says nothing.

Gilboy seems to have stinted nothing on his gear, unless it be with regard to those few essential tools and spare lumber so desirable aboard any vessel which cruises well off-shore. One might criticize him for not having a waterproof container for his timepieces, but here we run into the kind of confidence that is so much a part of most sailormen—they seldom think of everything, and if they do, they rarely believe that *they* will be the victims of imagined troubles. If they did, there would have been, and there would still be, far fewer men sailing the seas alone.

As for his food, Gilboy intended to eat well, perhaps to make up in part for the food he would have had as a sailor before the mast. True, he seems to have forgotten salt, a lack which the seas he sailed upon could readily remedy with a little experimentation. For that matter, I seem to recall an arctic expedition that arrived at its base with no snow shovels!

So far as his intentions were concerned, both his gear and his food would appear to have been of sufficient quantity and quality to have seen him through. The shortages incurred were all directly traceable to his capsizing. Had he not capsized, his sail power would not have been diminished, and the loss of his rudder and compass would not have occurred; this loss of gear served to greatly hinder his otherwise direct and speedy travel.

His estimate of 150 days surely contained a margin of error, and even if it had not, he was, when picked up 162 days out, only a short distance from his eventual destination. That he had bad luck cannot be denied. Whether one looks upon the entire venture as foolhardy is a personal matter. There are those who regard such an undertaking as senseless, but the landsman can have little appreciation of the lure that far distances and a receding horizon have for the experienced sailor. Most of us who have gone to sea have entertained ideas much like Gilboy's, but relatively few of us have had the opportunity or courage to test ourselves by realizing those ideas.

Save for what Gilboy himself tells us, we know little more about why he made the hazardous voyage than we do about the plans that

began to turn into reality prior to that third day of August in 1882 when his craft was completed and put into the water for the first time.

We may assume that he was imbued with an uncommon love of the sea, to dare its loneliness and contend alone against both its monotony and its never-ending challenge. That Bernard Gilboy had confidence in himself seems beyond question. What little is known of his later years gives proof that he was a resourceful person, and it is inconceivable that he could have been so foolish as to undertake this venture had he not known that he possessed the physical capacity to withstand its rigors, and the mental resources to combat the loneliness that such a protracted voyage would surely impose upon him.

Unlike Bombard in "l'Heretique," Gilboy was able to move around on his vessel; indeed, a good part of the time must have been devoted to handling sail, and even on an eighteen-footer this would normally be sufficient to keep his legs usable. And while Bombard was out to prove that the products of the sea were adequate to sustain life, he did not attempt to establish that such food as the sea might provide would necessarily keep a man in the condition that Gilboy's stores were designed to do.

Gilboy's spiritual resources can be guessed at. He was a member of an ardently Catholic family. His boyhood, at least until the time he left home at the age of seventeen, was marked by religious observance, attendance at a parochial school, and to judge by his own children in later years who were reared in the Faith, there was no reason to believe that he ever changed his attitude toward life and his fellow men. That he carried a Bible is likely, although he makes no reference to books other than his navigational texts. It is difficult to believe that Gilboy would have failed to make this provision for the charting of his spiritual progress, as he provided for his sailing route with the essential navigational equipment.

Since not a single letter from this period of his life has come to light (Mary Gilboy says that her father habitually wrote only to his wife and she was not in the habit of keeping his letters after reading them) and since his contemporaries appear to have long since died, nothing definite is known of how he filled his hours and

what he thought about, except what he himself chose to tell. The very modesty of his narrative precludes so much that would be illuminating about Gilboy himself.

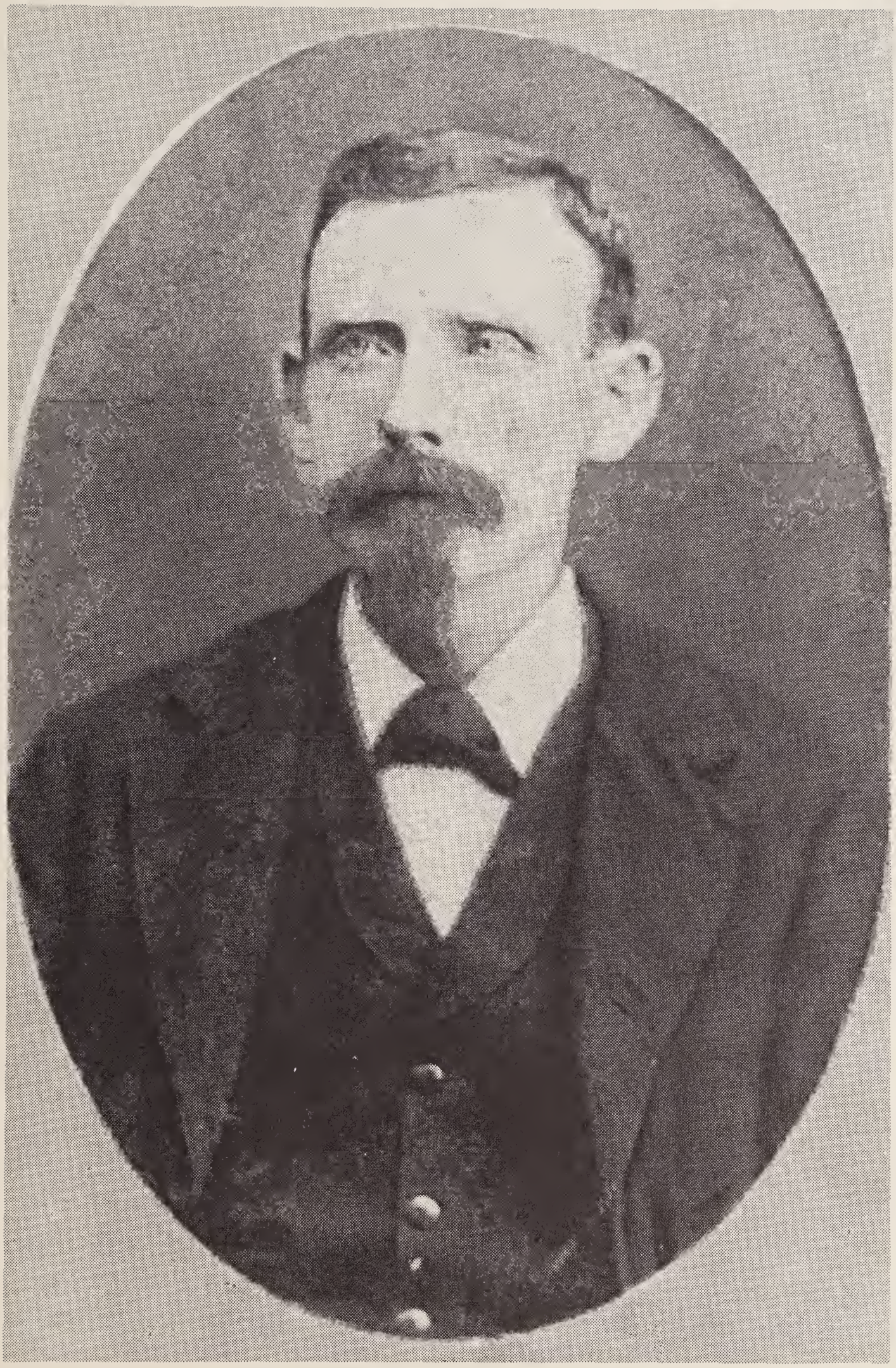
He confessed once to loneliness, as when he suggested that a fly which came aboard served as company, and once in one of his last log entries, at a time when most men might well have given up, did he openly express wonder as to how much longer he could endure. Another hint as to his character came early in the account. He explained why he did not take the "Pacific" on a shakedown and why he did not invite a widely publicized departure. "I thought that if I made known my intention of starting on a voyage to Australia, and getting a large crowd to see me off, they might have the pleasure of reading a full account in the morning papers of my return for repairs or refitting."

His unheralded departure did attract some notice. Waterfront loiterers, reporters and workmen were on hand, and had an opportunity to observe the stranger loading his vessel and making ready for a departure. The newspaper accounts were brief and almost uniformly scornful. One paper predicted that Gilboy would be only too glad to make for the coast, if, in fact, he could manage it. Nor did the papers change their attitude when word was received ninety days later that he had been spoken as he approached the longitude of Tahiti. The San Francisco *Alta California,* in noticing the arrival of Gilboy in Australia closed its brief mention with these words: "He arrived . . . and the fools are not all dead yet."

Perhaps the San Francisco community of 1882 had become so used to the tall ships that populated its waterfront and roadstead that a single man in a tiny boat seemed ridiculous. San Francisco did not possess the tradition of some of the northern East coast ports, particularly as regards small craft.

The man who seemed to have inspired Gilboy to try his hand at the Pacific Ocean crossing was Alfred Johnson, a sailor out of Gloucester. His crossing was the first in the Atlantic. He was alone in a twenty-foot decked-over dory. He was apparently a year younger than Gilboy, and like Gilboy, Johnson capsized and lost a large part of his provisions, but he made the trip he said he would make.

"Before": This portrait was taken just before Gilboy left Buffalo for San Francisco prior to his long sea voyage. From original in the possession of the Reverend De Ross B. O'Connor, S.J., of Buffalo, New York.



"After": This portrait was taken almost immediately after Gilboy reached Maryborough. From original in the possession of the Reverend De Ross B. O'Connor, S.J., of Buffalo, New York.

Gilboy spent some time in Queensland recuperating from the effects of his passage and then went by ship to Sydney. He took the 'Pacific" with him, intending to put her on display, evidently for a fee. Whether she was in fact shown in this manner is not known.

Gilboy returned to California from Australia sometime prior to October 5, 1883. To what port he came, and aboard what vessel is not yet determined, but he brought his boat back with him and exhibited it at Woodward's Gardens in San Francisco on the weekends of October 6 and 13 of 1883, as is attested by the advertisement in the San Francisco newspaper (*See* p. 60).

According to the surviving Gilboy children, Bernard's trip had ill effects upon his wife Catherine, whose hair is reported to have turned white during his absence. Gilboy himself, upon discovering the extent to which his voyage had adversely affected his wife, seems to have forsaken the sea, at least temporarily.

The San Francisco City Directories show Gilboy's presence in that city in 1885, when he is listed as a conductor on the Presidio Railway, a cable car line that until recent years ran from the waterfront just north of the Ferry Building, up over the ridge of San Francisco's hills to the military reservation. This was his employment until 1888.

By 1889 he had gone back to sea, and he was listed as a seaman through 1890. From 1891 through 1901 his name disappears from the Directories, but in 1902 he reappears as Master of the steamer "Argyll," with his residence in Oakland. He remained in command of this vessel as late as 1904.

The "Argyll" was built in West Hartlepool, England, in 1892. She was 320 foot in length, and of 2,753 gross tonnage. Her home port was San Francisco, and she was engaged in the Hawaiian-San Francisco trade by the Union Steamship Company.

According to Bernard's youngest son, George, his father was Captain for the Saginaw Steel Steamship Company, of San Francisco, and from 1895 to 1897 was in command of the steam ferry "Flyer," running between Seattle and Tacoma. In 1897, Gilboy was engaged by the firm of Barneson-Hibberd of San Francisco, to sail the steamship "Progresso" to the Yukon with passengers bound for the gold rush. The "Progresso" was owned by the Michigan Steamship Company of New York, and was chartered by Barneson-

Hibberd for the run north. Tickets had been sold to the passengers with the understanding that the vessel would be met at St. Michaels by river boats to transport them to Fairbanks and Dawson. When the "Progresso" reached St. Michaels, no river boats met her, so Gilboy mortgaged the "Progresso," purchased three river boats, and took his passengers to the destinations their tickets called for. The "Progresso," manned by a skeleton crew, remained at St. Michaels while Gilboy plied the river with passengers and supplies until the onset of winter closed down his operations. He then sold the river boats, redeemed the "Progresso" and brought her back to San Francisco. The "Progresso" later blew up and sank at the Risdon Iron Works, in San Francisco.

At the close of the Russo-Japanese War, Barneson-Hibberd again employed Gilboy, this time to take cargo to Vladivostok. The vessel which carried Gilboy was the old steamer "Centennial." She was owned by the Charles Nelson Company of San Francisco. Originally called the "Delta," the vessel passed into Japanese hands, was known as "Takasaga Maru," and then later returned to American ownership, was rechristened "Centennial," under which name she took part in the Alaska gold rush, and served as a United States government transport, before finally coming under control of the Nelson Company.

The "Centennial" sailed from San Francisco in September 1905, but was apprehended and taken prize by a Japanese force in the Bering Sea. The Japanese, evidently unaware of the signing of the Peace of Portsmouth on August 23, maintained that Gilboy's vessel was carrying contraband and proposed to confiscate the ship and its cargo. Gilboy was later released and proceeded to his destination, and discharged his cargo. Because the city of Vladivostok was still in ruins, and torn by riots, he converted his vessel into a floating hotel for a time. It is said that he made a very considerable profit for the ship's operators in this way.

Finally, he was ordered home, stopping en route at Mororan, Japan, for a partial load of sulphur for the powder works near Pinole, California (now the Hercules Powder Company plant). On February 24, 1906, apparently the day that Gilboy sailed for home, he sent his family a postcard which said: "Home in 30 days." This was the last word ever heard from the Captain or any of the crew aboard the "Centennial."

As the days passed with no report of the ship, the San Francisco press became increasingly discouraging in its reports as to what might have befallen the ship and her company of fifty-four persons. It was conjectured that she might have had engine trouble and entered Dutch Harbor for repairs, but when no word was received from that quarter, the reports took an even more disheartening turn. And then there was nothing for several years, six years, to be exact. The San Francisco *Call* of October 24, 1913 carried the following notice:

CENTENNIAL CREW IS BELIEVED DEAD

> The report published in yesterday's Call of the finding of the hull of the Centennial by a party of Russian explorers in the ice off Saghalin Island is the topic of general discussion today in the local shipping world. Further details that may reveal the fate of the crew are eagerly awaited as most of the 54 persons who disappeared with the ship were known at this port. . . .

The report of October 23 was merely a brief notice in the shipping columns. Further details may be learned from the *Coast Seaman's Journal* 27 (9): 5, November 12, 1913:

> The steamer "Centennial," which left Mororan, Japan, six years ago for San Francisco with a cargo of sulphur, and which was never heard from afterward, is reported to be in the ice off Saghalin Island, . . . Siberia. Members of the Russian expedition bound through the Ohkotsk Sea discovered the missing vessel. The lifeboats were gone, the name was partly obliterated and the iron was corroded. There was no sign of a human being on the ship. The crew must have all perished. It is supposed that the "Centennial" was driven from her course by a storm, and was caught by the ice. Captain E. Hieber, a pilot on the China Coast, who piloted the Russian expedition that found the "Centennial," told G. A. Griffin, an engineer of the Philippine Coast Guard, of his discovery, and Griffin repeated the story at Headquarters of the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association. . . .

According to the *San Francisco Evening Post* of October 24, 1913, Russian warships had been dispatched to attempt to locate the vessel, but nothing came of the search.

VOYAGE

OF THE

BOAT "PACIFIC"

FROM

SAN FRANCISCO TO AUSTRALIA.

BY

BERNARD GILBOY.

'Tis come at last, the hour to part,
And leave the land behind ;
My glorious boat strains on the start,
Her flag flaps in the wind.
Then up, true friends and spirits brave,
And watch the swelling sail ;
For, O, there's life upon the wave—
Hail, boundless Ocean, hail !—*J. S. Moore.*

PRICE ONE SHILLING.

Sydney :
J. G. O'CONNOR, PRINTER, 26 JAMISON STREET.

1883.

PREFACE

In publishing the within "Log," taken on my voyage from San Francisco to Australia, I am simply acceding to the request of the many friends I have met both in Queensland and New South Wales. And as I think that my readers will be interested in the exact state of mind of a human being tossed on the raging ocean, and "out of humanity's reach," I have furnished the precise words as entered, day by day, without any embellishment.[1] I include a few lines, extracted from Sydney Punch, of February 17th, the writer of which grasped my innermost feelings and position.

Sydney, April 21st, 1883. B. G.

Gilboy's Journey from America to Australia

Alone on the raging ocean, alone in my craft I ride,
Alone on the foaming billows, in all their crested pride,
No man before hath ventured, alone, so far to sail;
Nor mind hath ever yet conceived a ship so small, so frail.
The heavenly firmament above; beneath, the sea's expanse,
With none but cruel fiends around, doth my "Pacific" dance.
In wreck no helping hand to save, no friendly comrade near,
No messmate by to feast or starve, no human voice to cheer.
For many months I've travelled 'midst fair winds, calms, and storms
Through miles of watery desert, I've braved all peril's forms;
I've fought the great sea monsters, I've dared the tempest's frown;
I've felt myself a mighty king—heaven's halo for my crown.
But when Old Christmas came around—I well knew my day and date—
Provisions gone, my heart sank low, I feared to meet my fate;
I thought of loving ones at home, aye, starving on the deep
I jealous wished that some dear one, my lonely death would weep.
I thought of boyhood's joys and pains, in turn I laughed and cried,
I thought of her I loved and lost, I cowered low and sighed;
I thought my mother long since dead, would see me on the morrow,
And pensive steered I knew not where, my heart was full of sorrow.
O yes, grim visaged death did seem, my very soul to stare,
And hope, sweet hope did wrestle wild, with nature's dread despair;
And being weak I slept awhile, slept to wake with joy,
For God above, who watches all, kept watch o'er poor Gilboy.

Sydney Punch, *February* 17, 1883 M. J. F.

Voyage of the Boat "Pacific"

From San Francisco to Australia

HAVING had considerable experience in sailing small boats, in heavy seaways,[2] and reading accounts, at different times, of voyages across the Atlantic, I became somewhat interested in such adventures, and more especially in that of Captain Johnson, the only man that ever crossed the Atlantic alone; his boat was 15ft. keel, beam 5½ft., and 28in. deep, I finally made up my mind to make a voyage in the Pacific, to Australia, in as small a boat as I thought would be possible to hold provisions enough for a five months' voyage. Taking advantage of what I had read of the experience of other voyagers, with my own, I made arrangements with Messrs. Burns and Kneass,[3] of San Francisco, to build a boat expressly for the voyage. Length of boat to be 18ft. overall; beam 6ft.; depth, 2ft. 6in.; with a water-tight partition about 6ft. from the after end of the boat; keel, 5 inches (measuring 1¾ ton); to be decked over, having two hatches. Where the masts shipped there were water-tight boxes, so that they could be unshipped at any time, and no water could get into the boat. The after compartment was about 6ft. long, with a hatch in the centre. On each side I had lockers fitted; in one I used to keep my sextant, books, &c.; in the other I used to keep what provisions I would have aft, as I had to take

provisions enough from the fore compartment to last about a week. The boat was launched on Friday, Aug. 3rd, 1882.[4] I started to work to get her ready for sea as soon as possible, as I intended to get off before the 15th of the month, if I could manage to do so; but it was the 17th before I had everything ready for sea. I then up anchor, and sailed down the bay to the Clay-street wharf,[5] intending to get a clearance from the Custom House, and sail that afternoon, as the tide would ebb about four o'clock. Up to this time I had not made known my intentions to any but a few intimate friends, as I wanted to get off as quietly as possible: although a great many were anxious to know what I intended to do with the boat, to which I generally answered that I intended to take a cruise outside the heads, which is a common expression for the entrance to San Francisco Bay. My reason for acting in this way was—first of all it was getting rather late in the season to start off the Coast, in a small boat deeply laden, so I could not spare the time to go outside the bay on a trail trip. Therefore I did not know how the boat would act in a heavy sea. I thought that if I made known my intention of starting on a voyage to Australia, and getting a large crowd to see me off, they might have the pleasure of reading a full account in the morning papers of my return for repairs or refitting.

I made the boat fast alongside of the wharf, and went to the Custom House. There I found I would have to get her measured to see what tonnage she was. As she was laden, and in the water, I was told to get her dimensions from the builders, and take them to the Marine Surveyor, and he would give me her tonnage; then Mr. Jerome,[6] Deputy-Collector, would give me a clearance—to certify that the boat was American built, and it would answer also to certify that I had sailed from San Francisco. As it was then 3 p.m.—closing hour for the Custom House—I had to give up the idea of sailing that day, so I secured the boat for the night, and then went to the hotel, had a good sleep, and started next morning to get the boat's dimensions from the builders, and clearance from the Custom House. I succeeded,[7] and was ready for sea as soon as the tide was favorable—which was about 1 p.m.

The boat was very deep in the water, being loaded with 14 ten-gallon casks, filled with water; one hundred and sixty-five pounds

of bread, in fifteen pound tin cans (air tight) two dozen roast beef in two and-a-half pound cans; two dozen roast chicken, in one pound cans; two dozen roast salmon, in one pound cans; two dozen one pound cans of boneless pigs-feet; two dozen cans of peaches; two dozen cans of milk; one box containing twenty-five pounds of cube sugar; one gross of matches, packed in a half dozen glass jars; one half gallon of alcohol, in a druggist's glass jar; four cans of nut oil—two and-a-half gallons in a can; five gallon can of kerosene oil, three pounds of coffee and two pounds of tea, in five tin cans; one bar of Castille soap; three pounds of nails; one wooden pump; 12ft. of half-inch hose, which I used as a syphon to fill the kegs, or get water out of them, one grains,[8] hammer, and hatchet; paper, copper tacks; kerosene oil stove; alcohol pocket stove; two lamps; one pound of paraffine candles; two compasses, barometer and sextant; patent taff-rail log; double barrelled shot gun, powder and shot, revolver and cartridges; clock and watch; nine knives, anchor and sea drag, with about forty fathoms of 1½ in. rope; some spare marline amber-line, and marline-spike; navigation books, sheet chart of the South Pacific; an American flag; clothing necessary for the voyage; two pounds of lard; 1 pair of twelve foot oars; and an umbrella, which I found very handy when the wind was light and the sun strong.

I managed to find room for all, after a great deal of trouble, but had none to spare; and, in fact, I was somewhat cramped for a place to sleep, but consoled myself with the idea if I kept my usual good health, with a hearty appetite, that there would be room enough in due time; and so there was.

Friday, August 18th (noon). Went down to the boat; it was then nearly high water. Started to prepare for going to sea; quite a large crowd had gathered on the wharf; one of them asked, "Where I was bound for?" I answered "Australia," which caused quite a surprise. I next was asked, "If I intended to go alone, and when I had determined to start?" I answered "As I was then ready I would start right away, and try it alone." One of the crowd warned me "that Friday was an unlucky day to go to sea," to which I replied "That I could not help it, as I was ready for sea, and one day was as good as another to me." At 1 p.m. cast off lines, and sailed from the wharf; the crowd gave me three cheers—

wishing me a pleasant voyage, and good luck. When I got off Lime Point, near the entrance to the bay, I could see that it was foggy outside; and not liking the appearance of the evening (besides, I had got a wetting, as it had been a little rough in the bay), and the water splashed over the boat quite lively, so I ran into a small bay round Lime Point, and came to anchor for the night. At 5:30 p.m. I furled the sails, and made everything secure. I then started the kerosene oil stove, and cooked my first meal aboard the "Pacific." After supper I went to sleep for the night.

Saturday, August 19th, 6:30 a.m. Being cold and wet, and as the tide in the afternoon would be the highest, I did not intend to sail till afternoon; but, after breakfast was over, as I saw several small boats sailing out, I made a start, thinking I might get as far as Point Boneta, and come to anchor till afternoon. Besides it would give me a chance to try the boat outside in a heavy sea. I beat out with the ebb tide and reached Point Boneta, intending to make one more tack out from the land and then come to anchor, I sailed out too far from the point, got caught in the flood tide, and had to beat against it till the tide ebbed, which was about 3 p.m. By that time I was nearly back to Fort Point, the entrance to the bay.

3 p.m. Three steamers and several sailing vessels coming out; two ships and one bark heading southward.

6 p.m. Clear of the land, and heading southward, with fresh breeze from W.S.W., and heavy beam sea.

10:30 p.m. Sighted Farallone light, bearing W.N.W., ½ W.; distance, fifteen miles Point Boneta; bore N.N.E. ½ E., distance, 26 miles 12m., wind freshening with the sea abeam. The boat being deeply laden caused her to ship a great deal of water on deck.

4 a.m.—Passing squalls. I hove to and went to sleep. Fearing that I should be run down by a passing ship, if not watchful during night, I made it a rule to rest as soon as possible after daybreak.

About the first question I am usually asked is, how I managed to sleep? As the boat was schooner rigged, having jib, foresail and mainsail, and a three-cornered sail that I could use for a storm mainsail, or studding sail, I had a sea drag made of canvass, about 4 feet by 6 feet, fastened to a yard or round pole, 8 feet long. Then

there were four lines about four fathoms long, two fastened to the yard, the other two fastened to the lower corners of the canvass—the two fastened to the canvass being a little the shortest. I had a line made fast to the end of the four ropes, about 4 fathoms long. When I hove to, I threw the drag overboard, on the weather side of the boat; hauled down the jib, lowered the foresail, and fastened the mainsail and rudder amidships. Then as the boat drifted to leeward, the drag would keep her bow to the sea, and the mainsail would tend to steady her, and keep her heading to windward, so that, in a heavy sea, she would lay hove to quite comfortably. As I was very sleepy and tired after the first night out, I slept long and well. When I awoke I cooked dinner before getting under way. The sky being cloudy I did not get an observation of the sun, much to my disappointment, it being my first day out of sight of the land.

Sunday, the 20th, the wind and weather about the same.

Monday, lat. 35.03 N.; long. 125.00 W.

Tuesday night. Squally with rain. I hove to at 4.30 a.m., and at 11 a.m. got under way. It usually took me about a half-hour after heaving to before I was ready to go to sleep, and about the same time to get under way.

Wednesday, August 23rd. Weather more favorable, and making good time.

Saturday, at noon, one week out—lat 29., 23; long. 126., 32. Bearing from San Francisco S.S.W., distance, 540 miles. Distance sailed, by patent log, 501 miles.

Saturday p.m. and Sunday—beginning of second week. Weather clear and pleasant, with a fresh breeze and favorable current.

Monday, a.m. Wind light and inclined to eastward.

Monday, p.m. Baffling winds for the rest of the day.

Tuesday. The wind more steady, and remained so for the rest of the day, with pleasant weather, wind varying from North to North East.

Friday morning, before getting under way, got provisions and water out of the forward compartment.

Saturday, at noon, Sept. 2nd, lat. obs. 24., 33 N. Long. 128, 26 W., distance sailed since previous Saturday 311 miles; course S.S.W. Distance sailed by log, 298 miles.

Saturday and Monday of third week. Steady trade winds, with passing rain squalls.

Tuesday. Weather more pleasant, with steady trade winds.

Wednesday, wind freshening, with do weather.

Thursday, September 7th, 5 p.m. Sighted a ship, to North and Eastward, about nine miles off. She was heading about W.S.W., lat. 18., 41 N. Long, 133.04 W. I did not speak her, and I suppose the persons on board did not see my boat at all, as there was quite a sea on; but the sight of the vessel served to break the monotony of the voyage, as she was the first sail I sighted since I started.

Friday and Saturday. Strong trade winds, with high sea and passing rain squalls. Several sea gulls[9] flying about. Up to this time there being no fish or birds in sight, the gulls seemed like company.

Saturday, noon, September 9, lat. 17,51 N. Long. 134.,16 W. Course and distance sailed during past week, S.W., ½ S., distance, 511; Sailed by log, 445 miles.

Saturday, p.m., and Sunday of fourth week. Strong trade winds, with high sea.

Sunday, p.m. Passing rain squalls; and, Monday, weather more moderate, with clear sky.

Tuesday, September 12. Awoke by something striking the boat; sounded as though she was striking a rock; found it to be a large sea tortoise; struck it twice with the grains, but it got away. I took some provisions and water out of forward compartment, and got underway. 12, N. I was sailing before the wind wing and wing, that is the foresail on one side, and mainsail on the other. I felt the boat strike something that nearly brought her to a standstill; I, at the time, thought she must have stove herself against something floating in the water. She sailed over it, however, and it came up astern. It turned out to be a piece of a scantling, about 2 x 6, 24 ft. long. I went forward to see if there was any damage done to the boat, but there was none. Fortunately she struck it amidships, and went right over it.

Wednesday, September 13, wind and weather the same.

Thursday, p.m. Light passing squalls, with rain; wind baffling. 3 a.m. Sighted a ship's light, astern; distance off about seven miles,

I fastened a lantern to the main rigging, so that it could be seen astern. I think the persons on the vessel saw it, for they altered her course and headed more to the Westward. Lat., at noon, 13.,06 N. Long, 137.,30 W.

Thursday, September 14, p.m. Calm and smooth sea; weather very warm. At sundown a light breeze sprang up from northward; 8 p.m. a school of whales in sight, and so near that I didn't feel comfortable. They stayed around the boat but a short while, then swam off.

Friday, September 15, a.m. Calm and very warm, with smooth sea and clear sky. Taking advantage of the calm I aired my clothing and forward compartment. 5 p.m. A light breeze sprung up from North and Westward.

Saturday, September 16, 4:30 a.m. Calm and smooth sea; a school of porpoises coming towards the boat; they never altered their course, and when they got to the boat they completely surrounded her—some going right under the bottom to get past. 4 a.m. Hove to and had a sleep. 10 a.m. Under way with light breeze 12 N. passing squalls—sun obscure—Lat. dead reckoning, 12.,45 N; Long. 138., 20 W. Course and distance sailed the last week S.W., ½ S., distance, 390 miles; distance sailed by log, 317 miles. P.M. Light wind and constant rain for the rest of the day.

Sunday, September 17th, 10 a.m. Under way; weather clearing up, with steady breeze. P.M. Wind and weather same. Midnight wind light and inclined to Northward.

Monday, 5 a.m. Hove to under mainsail, without drag. 10 a.m. Underway with steady breeze; weather clear and pleasant; started on the fourth can of bread. P. M. Wind and weather the same.

Tuesday. Steady breeze, with passing squalls; set studding sail. 10 a.m. Passing squalls and high sea; handed studding sail.

September 20th. Wind light, with heavy rain. From this date, for twenty-nine days I had nearly all head wind and calms (not making two hundred miles headway in that time) with almost constant rain. I now give the wind and weather for each day, as follows:—

Thursday. Wind light with constant rain and passing squalls. 4 p.m. Caught the first bonetta with the grains; not having any salt,[10] boiled salt water and made some, but it was a great deal of

trouble. From 8 p.m. until midnight constant heavy rain; wind, South.

Friday, 4 a.m. Hove to, the wind being light. September 22, 10 a.m. Light wind and constant rain; did not get underway until after I had cooked dinner, wind E.S.E. Noon. Underway, still raining, but lighter. 4 p.m. Wind hauling more to southward. 8 p.m. Baffling winds and constant rain for the rest of day.

Saturday, Sept. 23, 4 a.m. Calm; hove to; a squid jumped on board to pay me a visit; I cooked it for dinner. 10 a.m. Strong head wind and heavy sea, with rain; did not get under way. Wind, S.S.W. 12 (noon). Still hove to; sun obscure. Latitude acc.[11] 8.,52 N. Longitude acc. 140.,31 W. Course and distance sailed in past week, S.S.W., ½ W., distance, 267 miles. Distance sailed by log 244 miles. P.M. Strong head wind and high top sea; still hove to; raining hard. 4 p.m. Rain cleared off; got water out of forward compartment; remained hove to for the night, the wind being S.S.W.

Sunday. Wind hauled more to southward. Wind, south. 9 a.m. Weather clear and pleasant; wind the same; got underway; not making any headway, on account of a heavy head sea. 12 (noon). Wind and weather the same; found I had drifted four miles to the northward. P.M. Strong head wind and heavy sea. There is a large number of sea gulls in sight every day; they are good company, and fish is quite plentiful, but they are bonettas, and rather dry eating. I don't care much for them. Sometimes flying fish come aboard; they were always welcome, as they taste much better; one flew aboard that measured 12½ inches in length. 12 m. Sky overcast, wind and weather the same. I hove to and went to sleep.

Monday, 9 a.m. Under way, wind still south; my watch stopped to-day, but started it going again; the clock stops very often; I try everything to keep them going, but with so much rainy weather everything is damp and wet. P.M. Sky overcast, weather pleasant, with head wind and sea. 3 p.m. Wind inclined to westward Wind, S.S.W. 8 p.m. Wind S.W. Wind and sea moderating, inclined to southward. 12m. Clear sky and pleasant weather

Tuesday, 2 a.m. Wind south; hove to; wind and weather the same. 9:30 a.m. Wind, S.S.W. Under way; weather clear and pleasant. 1 p.m. Wind, south. Light baffling wind. 6 p.m. Wind

S.S.W. Sky overcast and cloudy. 9 p.m. Wind N.W. Breeze sprang up from north and westward. 12 m. Wind died away, with mizzling rain.

Wednesday, September 27th, 2 a.m. Calm; with constant rain; I hove to. 9 a.m. Wind N.N.W., light breeze; weather clear and pleasant. 12 (noon). Wind and weather the same. 4 p.m. Wind light and baffling, and inclined to southward. 6 p.m. Sky heavily clouded. 8 p.m. Wind, south; steady breeze and passing rain squalls. 12 m. Wind and weather the same.

Thursday, September 28, 3 a.m. Wind south; steady breeze, with constant rain. I hove to. 9 a.m. Wind south; underway with strong head wind. 12 (noon). Wind south; strong head sea; sky, cloudy. 4 p.m. Wind, S.S.W., wind inclined to westward. 6 p.m. Wind S.S.W., raining do weather. 8 p.m. Wind S., wind and sea going down; sky clearing off; baffling winds. 12 m. Wind, S.S.W.; light wind; weather clear and pleasant.

Friday, September 29th, 2 a.m. Strong squall from the S.W., with heavy rain; handed foresail. 3 a.m. Wind, S.S.W. Hove to and went to sleep. 9 a.m. Awoke, but did not get under way; the wind and sea being too strong to make any head way; got water and sugar from forward compartment. Wind, S.S.E. 2 p.m. Wind and sea moderating; got under way. 6 p.m. Sky cloudy. 12 m. Wind and sea quite moderate.

Saturday, September 30. Wind, S.S.E. 4:30 a.m. Hove to; wind and sea moderate. 9 a.m. Under way, with strong head wind and sea; weather clear and pleasant. Noon. Wind and weather the same; Lat. 9.,05 N., Long. 138.,09 W. Course and distance sailed the past week, E. ½ N., 143 miles; distance sailed by log, 142 miles. P.M. Wind, S.S.E. Weather clear and pleasant, with steady breeze. 8 p.m. Clear, starry sky. 12 M. Wind and weather the same.

Sunday, October 1st, 4:30 a.m. Wind, S.S.E. Steady breeze, with clear, starry sky; hove to. 9 a.m. Wind S.S.E. Under way, with light breeze; weather clear and pleasant. 2 p.m. Wind light and baffling. 8 p.m. Calm and smooth sea; sky cloudy. 10 p.m. Wind, south. Light breeze, and pleasant weather.

Monday, October 2nd. 2:30 a.m. There being no wind, I hove to. 9 a.m. Wind, N.W. Under way, with light breeze, and smooth

sea. 12 (noon). Wind, S.W. and inclined to southward, with smooth sea; weather clear and pleasant; started on fifth case of bread. 4 p.m. Baffling wind and rain, sky cloudy. 7 p.m. Wind inclined to westward. 8 p.m. Heavy squall from N.W., with rain. 9 p.m. Wind moderating and inclined to southward, remaining so for the rest of the night.

Tuesday, October 3rd. 3 a.m. Calm and smooth sea; hove to. 9 a.m. Still no wind, so remained hove to. 2 p.m. Light breeze sprung up from northward, 11 p.m. Wind, N.E. Clear, starry sky, wind inclined to eastward. 12 m. Wind, E.S.E and inclined to southward.

Wednesday, October 4th. 5 a.m. Wind E.S.E. Sky overcast, with light breeze; I hove to. 8 a.m. Wind, E.S.E., and very light; got under way. 12 noon. Calm and smooth sea, sun obscured. 3 p.m. Wind and rain from the southward. 4 p.m. Weather clearing off. 6 p.m. Wind S.S.W., and baffling. 10 p.m. Clear, starry sky, with light breeze.

Thursday, October 5th. 4 a.m. Wind, S.S.W. Clear, starry sky, with light breeze; hove to. 9 a.m. Wind, S.S.W. Under way, with baffling wind and rain. 12 noon. Wind and weather the same; sun obscured. 1 p.m. Calm. 2 p.m. Wind, S. Light baffling wind, with constant rain, remaining so for the rest of the day.

Friday, October 6th. 5 a.m. Wind, S.W. Steady breeze; weather clearing off; hove to. 9 a.m. Wind, S. Awoke; there being a heavy head sea and wind, I did not get under way. 10 a.m. A large sea tortoise around the boat; as the grains were of no use with the other, I concluded to try my hands with this one, so I caught hold of his hind leg or flipper, and jerked him aboard. Got a knife and cut his head off, and he bled a great deal. I let him lie near the side of the boat, on the deck, to give the blood a chance of running into the water. About half an hour after I had cut off his head I saw a large shovelnose shark coming towards the after part of the boat. I have seen a great many sharks in different parts of the world, but this one was a monster as compared to any that I had seen before, and the size of the ravenous brute for a moment startled me. As he came nearer the boat I thought of getting my revolver and shooting him, as he was swimming near

the top of the water; but, as he came on with such boldness, and knowing I could not kill him with the revolver, I thought it best to have the grains at hand and wait for him to make the attack. When he got within about three feet of the boat he stopped, and two or three small fish swam out from underneath him, and came over to the boat and went back again; he then swam past the stern of the boat, almost touching the rudder, taking it quite easy, and not seeming in the least hurry. As he was passing I mustered up courage enough to prick him a few times in the back with the grains. This did not seem to make any impression on him, as his skin seemed to be as hard as a board; neither did it cause him to quicken his speed, for he kept the same easy motion—in fact he did not seem to notice my action at all, and, as I thought he was going off, I did not trouble him any more. As the wind and sea had moderated, I went forward to haul in the drag to get under way, at the same time keeping my eye on the shark. He had swum away past the boat, and, then swimming in a complete circle, he came back to the same place he stopped at before, and stayed for a few moments. Finally, he started, passed the stern of the boat again, rubbing his side against the rudder, which, being lashed amidships, I was afraid he would break it. I then finished hauling in the log, and got under way, and he started to follow me, but as he did not quicken his speed I soon left him astern, feeling much relieved after parting with his company. His length, comparing it with the length of the boat, was fully 12ft., and, I should judge, across his mouth or head he would measure three feet. These figures are not his extreme dimensions, but what I feel sure he would have fully measured. I next started to get the tortoise ready for cooking, cutting what meat I wanted off it, I threw the remainder overboard, as I had no way of preserving it. I then boiled what I had kept with salt and fresh water mixed together, and made soup, which tasted well. 4 p.m. Wind freshening, weather clear and pleasant. 7 p.m. Wind and sea moderating, and remained so for the rest of the night.

Saturday, October 7, 5 a.m. Wind, south. Light breeze and pleasant weather; I hove to. 9 a.m. Under way with steady head wind, and it seemed as though it would never change. 12 (noon). Wind and weather the same. Lat. by obs. 8.,53 N:; Long. acc.

136.,17 W. Course and distance sailed during week E. ½ S., distance, 113 miles; sailed by Log, 105 miles. P.M. Strong head wind and sea. 2 p.m. Wind, S.S.E.; hauling to eastward. 4 p.m. Wind and sea moderating. 8 p.m. Bafflling wind and rain, remaining so for the rest of the night.

Sunday, October 8th. 3 a.m. Baffling winds, with passing squalls and rain; hove to. 9 a.m. Wind S.W. Under way, with light breeze and pleasant weather. 12 (noon). Wind and weather the same. P.M. Light breeze; weather clear and pleasant, remaining so for the rest of the day.

Monday, October 9th. 2 a.m. Wind inclined to westward, with constant rain; hove to. 11 a.m. Under way, with light breeze and constant rain for the rest of the day. P.M. Light baffling winds and rain.

Tuesday, October 10th, 5 a.m. Light baffling winds; hove to. 8 a.m. A squall sprung up from north and westward, with rain; lost no time in getting under way. 8:30 a.m. Calm; got provisions and oil from forward compartment. 9 a.m. Wind and rain from N.E., with lightning and thunder. P.M. Light baffling wind; calm and rain for the rest of the day.

Wednesday, October 11. 4 a.m. Wind, S. Steady breeze, with constant rain; hove to. 9 a.m. Strong head wind, with high top sea. 8 p.m. Wind and sea more moderate; got under way; raining, with passing squalls for the rest of the day.

Thursday, October 12th. 4 a.m. Wind, S.S.E. Light breeze, with smooth sea; hove to. 11 a.m. Under way; strong breeze and passing rain squalls. 4 p.m. Wind baffling, with passing rain squalls, remaining so for the rest of the day. 4 p.m. Caught a bonetta.

Friday, October 13th. 3 a.m. Strong head wind and sea; hove to. 9 a.m. Wind and weather the same; did not get under way, as the sea was running too high, with constant rain. 4 p.m. Wind inclined to westward. 5 p.m. Got under way; found the sea too high; had to heave to; wind inclined to southward. 8 p.m. Wind moderating, and inclined to northward, with mizzling rain, remaining so for the rest of the day.

Saturday, October 14th. 2 a.m. Wind, N.N.W., Light breeze; weather clearing off. 6 a.m. Calm; got up water and sugar. 9 a.m.

Under way, with light breeze; wind inclined to southward. 12 (noon). Sun obscure. Lat. acc. 8.,04 N., Long. acc. 133.,47 W. Course and distance sailed in the last week, E. by S. ½ S., distance, 158 miles. Distance sailed by log, 83 miles. P.M. Steady head wind and sea. 4 p.m. Wind, inclined to westward, remaining so for the rest of the day.

Sunday, October 15th. 4 a.m. Steady breeze, with sky overcast; hove to. 11 a.m. Under way; strong head wind and high sea. 4 p.m. S.W. Wind squally and baffling with constant rain, remaining so for the rest of the day. 10 p.m. Wind, E.N.E. Heavy squall; handed foresail.

Monday, October 16th. 5 a.m. Wind light and baffling; hove to. 10 a.m. Wind and weather the same. P.M. Light wind, with rain; got under way. 4 p.m. Light wind, with alternate calms; remaining so for the rest of the day.

Tuesday, October 17th. 4 a.m. Calm, with mizzling rain; hove to. 9 a.m. Under way, with light breeze; sky overcast. 4 p.m. Baffling winds and heavy sea from southward, with rain and passing squalls, remaining so for the rest of the day.

Wednesday, October 18th. 4 a.m. Wind freshening and inclined to southward, with high top sea; hove to; paid out all the drag line. 4 p.m. S.S.E. Wind still blowing fresh; thought I would try and get under way, the sea running high; sky clearing off to eastward, wind inclined that way. 10 p.m. Wind, S.E. Clear sky and pleasant weather. 12 m. Sky overcast, with passing rain squalls.

Thursday, October 19th. 4:30 a.m. Fresh breeze, wind inclining southward; hove to; paid out the whole of the drag line. 9 a.m. Strong head wind, with high sea. 12 (noon). Wind moderating; sun obscure. P.M. Wind, S.S.E. Got up provisions, and under way, with strong head wind and sea; sky overcast; wind and weather remaining so for the rest of the day.

Friday, October 20th. 4 a.m. Wind moderating, and inclined to eastward; sky clearing off to eastward; barometer rising. I did not heave to this morning, as it was the first fair wind I had had for 29 days, I wanted to make the best of it. 9 a.m. Wind freshening, with clear sky and pleasant weather; it looks as though I was getting near the trades. Wind and weather remained the same for the rest of the day.

Saturday, October 21st. 4 a.m. Strong breeze, with clear sky; weather pleasant. 10 a.m. Wind, E.S.E. Passing squalls. 12 (noon). Weather clear and pleasant, with heavy head swell; the clock I can hardly keep going; I have a lamp burning alongside of it to try and keep it dry, but still it fails; it is fortunate for me that I have my bread in air-tight tin cans, for with the weather I have had for the last 29 days, it would all be spoiled. Lat. in 5.,05 N. Long. 132.,33 west. Course sailed in last week, S.S.E.; distance, 193 miles. Distance sailed by log, 181 miles. P.M. Wind, E.S.E. Weather clear and pleasant, with fresh breeze. 10 p.m. Wind inclining to southward, with passing rain squalls. 12 m. Wind, S.E. Light breeze, with weather clear and pleasant.

Sunday, October 22nd. 3 a.m. Light wind; sky overcast. I hove to, having been under way for fifty-one hours; I had so much head wind that I was sick and tired of it; I was twenty-nine days from 9.02° N. to 5., 05° N., the distance by steering due south, 237 miles; besides there being an easterly current, I drifted to the eastward a great deal out of my course. 6 a.m. Wind, E.S.E. Under way, with strong breeze and high sea, remaining so for the rest of the day; so anxious was I to cross the Equator, and make up for lost time, that I used to do with as little sleep as possible, never sleeping more than four hours out of the twenty-four, and very often doing with less than three. Some mornings, if the weather looked favorable, I would lower the foresail, lash the tiller, so that she would steer herself, and let her run with the jib and mainsail, and go to sleep, trusting to luck for safety. I caught a great many large flying fish, they used to fly aboard in the night; I reduced my allowance of food to two meals a day, as I had a long distance to travel; besides I did not require much food on account of having so little exercise.[12]

Friday, October 27th. 12 (noon). I was four miles south of the Equator, the wind keeping fair and weather pleasant with little variation.

Saturday, October 28th, 11 a.m. Wind, east; weather clear and pleasant; got up water and overhauled my provisions, which were as follows: bread, five cans, or 75 lb.; canned pigs feet, sixteen 1 lb. cans; chicken, fifteen 1 lb. cans; beef, thirteen 2 lb. cans; salmon, thirteen 1 lb. cans; peaches, ten cans; milk, ten cans; water, ninety

gallons; sugar, 15 lb.; lard, 2 lb.; tea and coffee, 4 lb. Lat. by obs. 1.,07 S. Long. acc. 135., 11 W. Course and distance sailed in last week, S.S.W., distance 400 miles. Distance sailed by Log 420 miles.

Thursday, November 2nd. A sword-fish followed the boat for about an hour, keeping quiet close to her; it was the first one I saw on the trip; several times it darted under the bottom of the boat as though it was trying to strike her with its sword.

Saturday, November 4th. The weather for the last week has been generally clear and pleasant, with the exception of a few passing squalls, the wind varying from east to southeast. Whenever I went to sleep, I lowered the foresail and let her steer herself, so she has not stopped for the whole week. Noon, Lat. by obs. 6.53 S. Long. acc. 140., 25 W.; course and distance sailed, S.W. 470 miles. Distance sailed by Log 410 miles.

Saturday, November 11th. This week passed with light and steady trade winds; weather clear and pleasant, with the exception of a few passing rain squalls and one calm which lasted for about three hours, the wind varying from N.N.E. to S.E.; there has been a great many small fish following the boat and the sharks gave me a great deal of trouble; they used to come when I would be asleep, just a little before daylight at the stern, and would turn on their sides, and, in doing so, would strike the bottom of the boat a tremendous blow, which would always awaken me, their object was to run along the bottom of the boat with their mouth close to it, and thus scoop in the small fish that wuld be following the boat; their time for hunting prey was after the sun went down, then during the night and before sunrise in the morning; during the day, when the sun would be shining, they would keep away from the boat, still keeping within sight of her, and as soon as a squall would come up, so that it would be a little dark, they would make for the boat and after the fish again; the fish generally would swim under the bottom of the boat, and when they would see the sharks coming after them, they would crowd to the top of the water and keep close to the side of the boat; by so doing they managed to keep clear of the sharks; I tried everything to keep the sharks away, but with little success; I struck them with the grains, shot at them with my revolver, and, in fact, did everything that I could think of. The grains are formed with five spears, or points, forming a square

—one spear at the four corners and one in the centre. By knocking out a key, two of the spears can be taken out, which leaves the other three in a row. By doing so, and sharpening the three that remained, I could get them into a shark better, and it would give it a great deal of trouble to get clear after being struck. I afterwards used those two spears which I took out to hang my rudder with, of which I will speak hereafter. However, the sharks in time became a little shy when they saw me about. Then their time was when I went to sleep, so that I got an old shirt and set it up the same as if I was sitting down steering the boat, which would sometimes answer to keep them away. Lat. and Long. at noon—Lat., by obs., 11.,33 S., Long. acc. 144.,28 W. Course and distance sailed the last week, S.W. ½ S., 370 miles. Distance sailed by log, 320 miles.

November 15th. There was a school of large dolphins following the boat, and while a heavy rain squall was passing, the sharks got among them and seemed to dispatch quite a number of them before they could get out of their reach.

Friday, November 17. The wind for the past week has been light and steady; no calms, and but a few passing rain squalls. The fish and sharks keep after the boat, also quite a number of sea birds in sight. At 6 p.m. sighted a sail to southward, and altered my course to speak her. When they saw my boat, they hove to and waited for me to get alongside. The Captain said that he thought it was some boat that had got lost from a ship. They asked me where I was from? and seemed somewhat surprised when I told them San Francisco, and that I was alone. The vessel was the "Barkentine Tropicvance,"[13] Captain Burns, a few days out from Tahiti, bound for San Francisco. I asked what his Longitude was? and found it was 149.,02 W. He told me my position was a good one, if I was bound for Australia, and kindly asked if there was anything he could do for me? I thanked him for the information I had got, and told him I did not want for anything, but hoped he would report me in San Francisco. He said he would. He asked if I did not want some fruit? to which I answered yes. He then passed me abundance of bananas, oranges, and limes, and kept sending them down until I told him I had as much as I could use before they would spoil. I was then 90 days out from

San Francisco. After he gave me the fruit we parted, wishing each other good luck and a pleasant voyage. This was the first vessel that I had a chance of speaking since I started on the voyage, and I was pleased to have a chance to exchange a few words, as well as to be reported in San Francisco. Lat. 14.,50 S., Long. 149., 02 W.

Saturday, November 18th. This week has passed pretty much the same as last week, the wind generally being light, the weather clear and pleasant, getting along, but with very little sleep. Lat. and Long. at noon. Lat. obs., 15.,10 S. Long acc. 149.,42 W. Course and distance sailed during the week, S.W. by W., 370 miles. Distance sailed by Log, 278 miles.

Monday, November 20th. The wind freshening, and the sea running high, the "Pacific" had all she could do to run before the wind and sea, but she made good time and weather for a small boat, running 89 miles in twenty hours, by log.

Thursday, November 23. She sailed by log 106 miles in about the same time.

Saturday, November 25th. The last week the wind has been stronger, with a high sea running; lost track of the fish and sharks in the middle of the week; the weather has been generally clear and pleasant, with the exception of a few passing rain squalls; I also had a small fly make its appearance aboard, which I looked upon as company. Lat. and Long. at noon, lat. obs. 17.,54 S.; long. acc., 162.,00 W. Course and distance sailed, 730 miles. Distance sailed by log, 610 miles. The reason there is such difference between the log and the actual distance sailed is that there was a strong westerly current which was in my favor.

Saturday, December 2nd. This week has passed with fresh trades; weather generally clear and pleasant, with the exception of a few passing rain squalls. I had the mainsail reefed for a few hours, the wind varying from E.N.E. to south east. Lat. and Long. in at noon, lat. obs. 21.,12 S. Long. acc., 172.,22 W. Course and distance sailed, W. by S. ½ S., 611 miles. Distance sailed by log, 588 miles.

Tuesday, December 5th. 8 p.m. Sky cloudy, with mizzling rain. 11 p.m. Sky heavily clouded to N.W., with lightning.

Thursday, December 7th. 5:40 a.m. Sighted a fourmasted

steamer, about 10 miles off, heading to eastward. Lat. at noon, 21.,41 S. Long, 173.,53. W.

Friday, December 8. 5:30 a.m. Sighted the Island of Eoa,[14] distance about 20 miles; bore N.W. by N. I ran to the northward so as to pass close to the island; ran between Eoa and Cattow[15] Islands, with steady breeze; weather clear and pleasant. Lat. in at noon, 21.,31 S. Long, 175.,03 W.

Saturday, December 9th. A.M. Light trade wind; sky overcast; weather pleasant; annoyed by a large sword-fish knocking against the boat, the wind being too strong to use the grains on him. The weather for the past week has been generally clear and pleasant, with light trade wind varying from S.E. to N.N.E. Lat. in at noon, by obs. 21.,32 S. Long, 176.,19 W. Course and distance sailed, 230 miles W. ½ S. Distance sailed by log, 220 miles. P.M. Wind freshening, with high top sea; handed studding sail; passing squalls.

Sunday, December 10th. Strong trade wind, with sky overcast and high sea running; weather pleasant. 2 p.m. Handed studding sail. 6 p.m. Reefed mainsail. 12 m. Passing squalls, with rain.

Monday, December 11th. 2 a.m. Hove to, with drag. 6 a.m. Under way, with fresh trades; high sea running; sky overcast, running with reefed mainsail; wind and weather remaining the same for the rest of the day. 12m. Carried away foresail halyard block strap; hove to. Lat. and long. at noon, lat. obs. 22.,02 S. Long acc. 179.,53 W.

Wednesday, December 13th. 6a.m. Repaired halyard block strap. 7:30 a.m. Under way, with fresh trades and high sea; sky overcast. Having crossed the opposite meridian to Greenwich, or the Long. of 180° W., I subtract one day from the Greenwich date. Lat. by obs. at noon, 22.,23 S. Long. acc. 178.,43 E. P.M. Passing squalls; wind and weather the same. 7 p.m. Wind and sea moderating. 9 a.m. A heavy sea broke right under the rudder. I shifted the helm, so as to hold the boat against it, but it was no use, as she turned almost instantly, bottom up, throwing me backward into the water, and underneath. I came up on the weather side, and crawled upon the bottom. I had a long oilskin coat on, and a heavy flannel overshirt, both of which I took off, and rolled up, putting my watch inside of all, as I intended to dive down and get

the rope which I used with the sea drag. I always kept one end fast on deck; by the time I had got my clothes rolled up, and ready to dive down I saw the sea drag had got from underneath the boat, and was floating on the weather side; I reached over and got hold of it, and dragged it up on the bottom of the boat. Taking one of the small lines attached to it I fastened the clothes which I had taken off, the watch being inside of the bundle, seemingly secure, and the oilskin coat being wrapped around the outside; I then drew up the line until it was tight, the end being fast to the deck, and got over on the opposite side of the boat's bottom, it also being on the leeward side; I then pulled with all my might to try and right her again; had there been much of a sea on it would have helped me considerably, but as the sea by this time was quite moderate it seemed to be a hopeless task; however, as it was my only chance, I kept at it, and after an hour's hard work she began to right. Finally I got her upright and started to cut the shrouds or rigging which held the masts in their places—when over she goes again. This time I had no trouble righting her, as she was full of water, and when I got her deck up I quickly unshipped both masts, cutting everything that tended to hold them in their places; after I got them unshipped, I made them fast to the drag-rope, also everything that lay loose around the deck, threw it all overboard on the weather side, so as to form a drag to keep her head to the sea and give me a better chance to get the water out of the after-hatch —which measured 18 x 24 inches, the main hatch being on and it being watertight, would keep the water from getting in. The way the forward compartment came to get full of water, was through there being two one inch holes bored in the partition, close to the bottom of the boat, so as to let what water there might at any time leak into her run into the after part, and I would have a better chance to pump it out. I had wooden plugs made to fit in these holes, which could be taken out at will; but unfortunately, both of them were out when she capsized. I also had strips or battens, four inches wide, nailed solid to the frames on the inside, instead of having her lined; they also answered to lash the water casks to, so as to keep them in their places in case she should turn over. That I might right her, without much trouble, I had them all lashed with hemp rope, which was new when I left San Francisco;

but as I was nearly four months out, and they being wet about all the time with salt water, besides as I seldom had the hatch off, and everything used to be mouldy and damp, consequently the lashings being rotten, carried away, with the exception of three or four, and the casks kept bumping against the inside of the boat, I fearing all the time they would start some of the planks off the deck. As soon as possible I started to bail the water out. Reaching down the after hatch I got hold of a cube sugar box, which would hold about 25lb of sugar; I then stood in the hatch and managed to work with the box, bailing out the water, and leaving but little spare space for it to get in again, as the swell used to wash over the deck of the boat, so that it seemed to come in faster than I could bail it out, and I was working for a long time before I could see that I was making any headway in getting the water out; fortunately the boxes, kegs, and other things that were in the forward compartment had worked to the fore part of the boat which tended to raise the after part up a little, so it gave me a better chance to bail her out, not letting the water in so freely as before. My position when I capsized, was lat. 22.,36 S. Long. acc., 177.,54 E. Course and distance from Sandy Cape, Australia, east ½ north 1430 miles, which was quite a distance to go without a compass and a short stock of provisions; the only instruments I had left to navigate with was my sextant and patent log, therefore, I had to lose a great deal of time on account of not having a compass. When the sky was cloudy at night I had to heave to, not being able to see the moon and stars, and the same in the day time when the sun was obscure; neither could I keep account of what distance I sailed, nor her longtitude, as I would lose a good deal in not steering a straight course which I found I could not always do without the compass. The most of the small articles that I had in the after compartment got lost, especially what I had in the locker on the port side; that was where I kept my provisions; all the canned meat and fish I had there was lost; and, as fate would have it, I had more at that time than I usually kept aft; and it was only a day or two before that I opened a fifteen-lb can of bread, which was also in the locker; it being large did not work out, but got mixed with salt water and kerosene oil, so that I could not use it; that left me with only one more can of bread, and part of it got wet with salt water, although I managed to use it.

Thursday, December 14th. About daylight the next morning I had all the water out, and, as the weather was clear and pleasant, I spent the day in drying what few things I had left, and started to repair the damages. I first hauled in the drag rope and found that my mainmast and sail had worked adrift and were lost; the bundle of clothing, which my watch was in, was also gone; the rest of the things that I had fastened to the rope were all right, so I hauled them all on deck, re-set the sea drag, and left them to dry while I re-stowed the water casks and other articles that were in the fore compartment. P. M. Shipped foremast and spliced the rigging, which was pretty well cut up, and repaired things in general; as I lost my rudder I took one of the oars which was too short to steer with, being only twelve feet long, and lashed it to a spare boom, eleven feet long—that answered for the present as a rudder. Sundown. I got under way, and sailed for a while, but found, as night came on, that I was too tired and sleepy to keep my eyes open, so I hove to and went to sleep for the night. In heaving to is where I missed the mainmast and mainsail, as she would not lay as steady as with them, but kept shifting about from one side to the other. I tried every way I could think of to heave her to, even trying her with her stern to windward, without much success, until, finally, I fastened the studding sail to the other oar, and set it aft as far as I could, so that it answered for a mainsail when I hove to or sailed with the wind abeam; and when I ran before the wind I rigged it out for a studding sail; therefore, it became a very useful sail, while before it had been used but very little.

Friday, December 15th. Sunrise; underway, with steady trade wind; weather clear and pleasant, the sun coming out strong; I got out my books, clothing, and, in fact, everything that I had room for on deck, and had a general drying day. The five gallon can that had the kerosene oil in was fitted with a patent faset (or cock) so there was some oil in it still; although it was not much, it lasted to warm all the meat that I had left, so I got the oil stove going, and had a warm meal, it being the first since I capsized. P.M. The weather clear and everything drying nicely. 3 p.m. Wind freshening with sky overcast; put clothing and everything below. About 5 p.m. a sword fish, that had been following the boat for some time, struck her with its sword, putting it right through her bottom; it gave the boat a jerk when drawing the

sword out; I could hardly believe at first that it managed to pierce her, thinking that it only partly got its sword through, and as I had the plugs in the partition, no water could come in, in the after part; I only had to wait in suspense for a short while; I soon heard some of the tin cans that were in the fore compartment knocking about with the water; I then drew one of the plugs and the water rushed out quite lively; I hove to, and took off the main hatch, and by that time there was about ten inches of water in her; I started to bail it out, and gained on the leak; also found where it was, and plugged it up from the inside with lamp wick, and other rags that came to hand—it being so close to the keel of the boat that it gave me a good chance to plug it up, and wedge it in, that it never came out for the rest of the trip, but it still used to leak a good deal, although not enough to give me much trouble, as I kept the pump rigged in the after hatch, and could pump her out and steer at the same time; I got under way a little after sunset, and sailed until the moon went down; then hove to; as the sky became cloudy, and not being able to see the stars, which were my compass, after the sun and moon had disappeared.

Saturday, December 16th. I awoke in the morning, and found the sun well above the horizon; the boat had made considerable water since I hove to; pumped her out, and got under way with steady trades. Weather clear and pleasant. Noon. Lat. by obs., 23.,05 S. Long. acc. 177.,11 E Course and distance sailed during the week, W. by S.E., 360 miles. Distance sailed by log, 382 miles. P.M. The wind freshening, and high sea running. 12 m. Hove to; wind and weather the same.

December, 21st. A large sword fish was swimming around the boat; he afterwards got foul of the log line, and in trying to clear himself he nearly cut it in two; after getting clear he went off without doing any more damage.

Saturday, December 23rd. The last week passed with steady trade winds, with weather clear and pleasant, with the exception of one day, on which I had a few passing squalls, with rain. I was getting under way, at sunrise, when a large shark paid me a visit by coming up close to the side of the boat, and, holding his head partly out of the water, looking right towards the boat as though he was looking for some one, or was surprised at the rig of the boat.

I struck him a few times with the oar, and off he went and did not trouble me any more. At noon, lat. by obs. 22.,38 S. Longitude acc. 173.,00 E. Course and distance sailed during the week, W. ¾ N., 222 miles. Distance sailed by log, 369 miles. P.M. The wind inclined to southward, with cloudy sky; as I have no clock it is all guess work, in regard to time; I heave to at all hours of the night, and try to be up about sunrise to make a start for the day.

Sunday, December 24th. 9 a.m. Sighted Fern Island,[16] about seven miles to westward. 11 a.m. Island bearing south; passed to northward of island. I am now about 1200 miles from Australia. All the provisions I have got is twelve pounds of canned meat and fish—the bread having given out yesterday—half a gallon of alcohol, and fifteen gallons of water. The chances of sighting a ship, I think, is poor. My intentions were, at this time, to keep in the same latitude, which was 22.,30 S., hoping that I might sight a sail and get some provisions to finish my voyage; and, in case I did not sight any, I could run into Noumea, a port on the Island of New Caledonia. I succeeded very well until I got to where I thought I ought to sight the Island of Walpool, which is close to New Caledonia. There I got a heavy northerly wind which lasted for four days; hove to all the time. I drifted down to the south and westward, of New Caledonia, as far south at Lat. 24.,00 S.[17]

Monday, December 25th—Christmas Day! A little after sunrise under way, with steady trade wind; weather clear and pleasant, remaining so throughout the day. For Christmas dinner I had beef and alcohol straight, with water. 4 p.m. Sighted the Island of Mathew,[18] about 15 miles to the westward. Both of these islands are without vegetation of any kind—Fearn being a barren rock, about 400 feet above the level of the sea, and Mathew being a volcanic island about 350 feet above the level of the sea.

Tuesday, December 26th. At sunrise, as usual, I was under way, with light breeze; weather clear and pleasant. The south-eastern part of Mathew Island forms a separate island—being connected by a reef about four miles long, which I did not see until I got close to it and well in under the land. I intended to go between the two islands and keep to the southward of Mathew; but on seeing there was no passage, I had to haul close to the wind and go round the north side of the island, which compelled me to go over a hundred

miles to northward of my course, and caused the loss of a great deal of time, as there were reefs extending out from the island eight and ten miles into the sea, making it too dangerous to sail after sunset.[19]

Wednesday, December 27th. I hove to at sundown, with drag; when I awoke next morning I saw the boat was hanging by the log line, and the drag had drifted to leeward of the boat, the log having got fast to the rocks at the bottom; I was then about eight miles from the shore, and when I hove to, the night before, there was no sign of shoal water in sight; I tried every way that I could think of to get the log clear of the bottom, as I did not wish to lose it, for then I would have no way to tell what distance I had sailed, and, having no clock, I could not very well guess what the boat was going; I hauled away at the line until it parted, and went off, leaving my precious log at the bottom.

Thursday, December 28th. I had sailed all day, with a steady, fresh breeze, the weather being pleasant; at sundown there was a point of the island that extended so far out to sea that I could not see land on the other side of it; I therefore mistook it for the western end of the island, and as it was only about five miles off I did not heave to, but kept under way in hopes that I might get clear of the island—of which I was well tired by this time. About 8 p.m. the sky was overcast; I had got nearly to where this point was, when, all of a sudden, I heard the roar of breakers; I looked in all directions but could see nothing of them; thinking it was from the surf on the beach, I kept on, at the same time keeping a good look out. I sailed but a short distance when I saw the breakers ahead; they extended from the shore for quite a distance out past the boat; so sudden did they appear that I could scarcely believe my eyes, so that I shut them and opened them again, and looked to see if I was not mistaken, but sure enough there they were, and so near that no time was to be lost; my first thought was to haul her on the wind and try to sail round the reef, but seeing that I was then too close for that I came to the conclusion that my only chance was to keep her before the wind and sea, and try to sail over the reef or upon the rocks, whichever it might be; so I kept her straight for the reef. In going over she nearly capsized, shipping water on deck and washing the sea drag overboard—which

was on deck. Very little of the water went down the hatch; and, fortunately, one sea landed her over the breakers, and into smooth water, which I found was eight feet deep. When I saw that I had got over safely I was very thankful; I quickly picked up my drag and came to anchor, feeling satisfied that I had ventured enough for one night. Just before I heard the breakers roar, a very large flying-fish landed on deck; I grasped it with my right hand, and thought how fortunate I was to get such a prize at a time that I needed it so much; but as I was changing it to the other hand, to put it in the binnacle for safe keeping, it dropped on deck and overboard it went. As I was regretting my loss I heard the noise of the breakers.

Friday, December 29th. About 2 a.m. I was awoke by hearing the boat strike the rocks. I arose and saw that it was low water and the place had a rocky bottom, so that she was rubbing against the rocks. I hauled up the anchor and poled her around until I found deeper water and a sandy bottom. As the moon was shining bright, I had a good chance of seeing where I was going to. I then dropped the anchor again and went to sleep till morning. Sunrise. Under way, with steady breeze; the weather clear and pleasant. I sailed over the shallow patch for about two miles, then got into deep water on the opposite side; it extended out from the land about eight or ten miles. I also saw; after getting up to the point that I thought was the west end of the island, that the land still extended to the westward as far as I could see. I sailed along for the rest of the day without any more mishaps, and hove to at sundown.

Saturday, December 30th. Sunrise. Under way, with fresh breeze; weather clear and pleasant, remaining so throughout the day. Lat. and Long. at noon—Lat. obs. 20.,38 S., Long, 171.,00 E. Course and distance sailed the past week, N.W., 170 miles. Distance sailed by log, 333 miles. P.M. I at last, without mistake, sighted the western extremity of Mathew Island, and as I had a fresh breeze, I was in hopes, before night, that I would be clear of the land that was so barren. While sailing along the shore, I was still hoping that I might come to some spot that would have a few cocoanut trees, so that I might land and get some; but the whole distance I sailed, which I should judge was between 30 and 40

miles, not a sign of a tree that I could see—nothing, in fact, but lava. When I got abreast of the point, I found that a reef ran out to sea, about W.N.W., as far as the eye could see. I sailed along the reef for an hour, when I came to where it did not break heavy—the water being deeper than the other part of the reef. I sailed across here, there being about ten or twelve feet of water on it; the shoal water extending around the point and quite a distance to the southward. At sundown I was abreast of the westernmost point of the island, it bearing due east. I hove to for the night.

Sunday, December 31st. Sunrise; under way at 8 a.m.; clear of reefs and shoals on the south side of the island, the weather being clear and pleasant, and remained so throughout the day. About 10 p.m. the wind being quite moderate, one of those small dark birds which are seen at sea, a short distance from the land, came flying round the boat, trying to light on the mast or the gaff; but there being too much motion, it flew away, and I took no further notice until it had alighted on my head. I sat still, for a while, thinking that if I could catch it what a treat it would be, as my provisions were running very short. However, I ventured, and lost, and off it flew. That was the first bird of any kind I saw to light on the boat. I mention this, as it seemed strange to me, that as my provisions gave out, four birds should alight on my head—three of which I caught and ate; three landed on the boat—two of which I caught, the other got away after I had shot it with my revolver. The catching of these birds caused me to keep up my spirits, and not give up hope of relief, from some quarter, although it often looked as though the end of life was not far off. Still through all I lived in hopes, and tried to console myself by repeating the old proverb—"Dark is the hour before dawn."

Wednesday, January 3rd, 1883. I have to-day four pounds of beef, one quart of alcohol, and ten gallons of water left.

Friday, January 5th. Up to to-day the weather has been clear and pleasant, with fresh trade wind and a few passing squalls. At sunrise, as usual, under way, the wind being inclined to northward, and freshening. 8 a.m. I had to heave to, the wind remaining due north for the rest of the day, and blowing quite strong, with a high sea running.

Saturday, January 6th. A.M. The wind north, but more moderate; not sufficient to get under way. Noon. Lat., 23.,18 S.; Long. 168.,09 E. Course and distance sailed during the past week, S.W., distance, 227 miles. From henceforth I cannot give my position weekly, as I have done, as I have no way to tell how much I make to the westward; besides, after being driven so far south I got into the south-west current, which runs to southward of New Caledonia. As I have my sextant left, I can manage to keep track of what I make north or south, and that is all; the rest is all guesswork.

P.M. The wind freshening, with high sea and passing rain squalls.

Sunday, January 7th. A.M. Wind freshening, with sky overcast; clearing off to eastward. After having a short sleep, I awoke and quite carelessly threw off the after hatch to see how the weather was. As I put my head above the deck, I saw a bird standing on the stern of the boat, looking towards me. I wondered at it not flying away, with all the noise I made. I kept quiet and watched till it would turn its head, thinking then I might catch it. After a while it turned to peck itself; I made a grab and caught it. It was of the same kind as I spoke of before, about the size of a small pigeon. I skinned it, thinking it would taste better, besides I could not get all the pin feathers off any other way; but after taking the skin off there was not much of it left. I cooked it and made some soup and had a feast. I have to-day one 2lb. can of beef, some alcohol, and about seven gallons of water. There being no sign of the wind moderating, I am still hove to.

Monday, January 8th. A.M. Clear sky, wind inclined to eastward, with high top sea. P.M. Strong head wind, with high sea; sky overcast. 6 p.m. Wind and sea moderating.

Tuesday, January 9th. 6 p.m. Wind and sea moderate; I hauled in the drag to make a start, having been hove to for four days, my latitude at noon, 23.,57 S. I now stood to the northward, hoping that I might be to the eastward of New Caledonia, and still sight the island, although my hopes were faint; on the other hand I thought that if I was to the westward of the island I would be more apt to fall in with a vessel by being farther north.[20]

Wednesday, January 10th. A sea-bird, after flying about the

boat several times, lighted on my head; this one I managed to catch.

Thursday, January 11th. 8 p.m. To-day a bird landed on my head, which I also caught—keeping it till the next day for breakfast.

Saturday, January 13th. At about 3 p.m. to-day I ate the last of my meat, which was about two ounces. The two pounds of beef, the three birds and a few flying-fish that I used to pick up on deck, which generally were about two or three inches long, with alcohol and water, were what I lived on since January 7.

Sunday, January 14th. After sailing north as far as Lat. 22.,00 S. and neither sighting land or a sail,. I stood to the westward, making but little headway from this time until I was picked up, as I had light winds and calms; besides, I became very weak, and used generally heave to at sundown to preserve my strength.

Monday, January 15th. The oar I used to steer with I always had fast to the boat, with a short piece of line, in case I wanted to go forward, at any time, and attend to anything, I could leave it in the water and not lose it, as I had not always time to haul it on deck. To-day I took a better piece of rope for keeping the oar fast, as I thought the line in use was not strong enough. At sunset, when I hove to, I left the oar in the water while I put the drag overboard and furled the sails. When I came to look for the oar I found it had got adrift and was lost. I wondered what would go next, as I was losing everything that I had, and what to steer with I really did not know. The line being cotton, and very stiff, caused it to work adrift.

Tuesday, January 16. At sunrise I started to see what I could find to make a rudder with. I took one of the mast boxes and two doors from the lockers in the after part of the boat; as I had nails I commenced to make the rudder. All the time I was making it I was thinking what I would get to hang it to the boat with? when, all at once, I thought of the piece that I had taken out of the grains, so by cutting it in two it answered splendidly. 2 p.m. Finished the rudder, but the sea being too high to get under way I remained hove to for the rest of the day.

Wednesday, January 17th. At sunrise the wind was blowing strong, with high sea. About 10 a.m. wind and sea more moderate. I got under way; found that the rudder worked well—with the

exception of it not being quite deep enough in the water. With it I found I could steer the boat so easy that I was glad I had lost the oar—as it used to tire me to steer with it.

Thursday, January 18th. I put a piece on the rudder and made it deeper; got under way about 9 a.m. 10 a.m. Sighted Middle Ballona Reef, Lat. 21.,29 S., Long. 159.00 E. I passed to southward of reef. About a half hour after sighting it, a bird flew, as before, around the boat and alighted on my head. I tried to catch it but missed, and off it flew again; finally it came back, and I caught it on the wing as it was flying past my head. As I was very hungry, I could not think of skinning this one and throwing the skin away, so I plucked the feathers off and singed what I could not pick off with a candle—even the blood I saved and cooked it all together, making a little soup with it, using alcohol to cook with. I divided it in two parts, keeping half for the next day. I sailed along the reef and sighted several patches of sand above the water. I was in hopes I could find some with a few cocoanut trees on, but did not find any. When the wind was light or calm there was small fish around the boat. I tried everything I could think of to catch them, but it was no use, as I had no fishhooks. I took my dividers and bent them, and fastened them to a short piece of wood, with which I tried to spear some of the fish, but it was all work in vain.

Sunday, January 21st. Light wind and calm throughout the day. I was so hungry to-day that I picked the largest barnacles off the boat, chewing them and spitting them out again.

Monday, January 22nd. Calm. Spent the forenoon in trying to catch fish, but without success; from to-day I started to keep count of how many flying fish I found; this morning I found two, the largest about two inches long.

Tuesday, January 23rd. Found one about the same length. About 6:30 p.m. a bird lighted on the boat several times; I tried to catch it, but failed; it landed again on the end of the jibboom; I took my revolver and shot it; it flew about six yards to windward and dropped into the water apparently dead; the wind was very light and I tried to get the boat to windward, so that I might pick up the bird, but I could not get her to come around, so I drifted to leeward, soon losing sight of my much-prized bird.

Wednesday, January 24th. Found two flying fish, about the same size as the one I got yesterday.

Thursday, January 25th. I was rather fortunate this morning, finding four fish, two three and two two inches long. 3 p.m. I was steering the boat, and happened to look astern and saw a bird standing on the rudder, which I caught and cooked with a lot of matches that had been wet with the salt water when I capsized; using the top part of the oil stove for a fireplace, which answered well for the purpose; I also divided the bird, keeping part for the next day. This was the last one I caught.

Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 26, 27, 28th. I remained hove to, it being calm. Friday or Saturday did not get any fish, but on Sunday morning found one that measured five inches long; it was the largest I caught for some time. As the alcohol was getting short, I made the fish answer for breakfast with some water. About 6 p.m. a light breeze sprung up from the north and eastward. As I was tired of being hove to, I got under way, and let her steer herself by setting the sails so that she would sail by the wind. The sky was clear, with pleasant weather, so I let her go that way all night, awakening up once and awhile to have a look at the weather.

Monday, January 29th. Sunrise. Light steady breeze, the weather being clear and pleasant; looked around the deck for flying-fish, but could not find any. I felt very weak and hungry. After taking my morning's allowance of alcohol there was but enough for another meal, which was about two teaspoonsful. I then measured the water, and found there was four and a half inches in the ten gallon keg. So after that day I would have nothing but water to sustain life, and there being but little of that, made me think I could not last long unless I got relief.

Monday, p.m. After writing the log for the day I let the boat head by the wind, and steer herself; leaning over the weather side with my head down, I, for the first time, began to give up all hopes of escaping from starvation, and wondering how long before the last would come; I was very weak, so that every move I made had its effects, and I felt myself daily getting weaker and weaker, I remained in meditation for about an hour, when I looked to leeward, and there saw a sail quite plainly, about eight

miles off; she was heading to the south and westward. I could hardly believe, for a moment what I really saw, but seeing it was no dream, I quickly altered my course and ran before the wind, which was very light, heading to cross her bow. I caught hold of the umbrella, which was lying on deck, opened it and kept waving it in hopes of attracting their attention; after waving it for a short time it slipped out of my hand, and went overboard; that was I think about the last article I lost on the trip; after it went I got the flag and fastened it to a stick and kept it waving without attracting any attention. I took my revolver, which had the last six cartridges in the chambers, and went forward and fired them off, without any effect. I then hauled down the jib and made the flag fast to the upper part of it, with the Union down, hoisting the jib up again. By this time the sail, which I saw, was right ahead of me and I began to fear that they would pass without seeing me, when, finally, I saw her tack, which satisfied me that they had seen the boat. It was then about 2 o'clock. I sailed before the wind, and the vessel beat to windward towards me. The wind being light, and the boat's bottom full of barnacles, it took till 5 o'clock before I got alongside. I sailed under her lee quarter; they threw me a line, and it fell across the bows of the boat. I was so exhausted, partly, I suppose, from the excitement, as well as hunger, that I could scarcely crawl forward to take a turn with the line, which at last I managed to do as quickly as I could. They then hauled the boat up alongside—several of the hands jumping down to look out for the boat. The captain telling me to come up as soon as possible. Having placed a ladder over the side for me, I managed to crawl up, and when I got on deck started to walk aft, but staggered against the cabin and had to be assisted aft, where I lay down on the skylight. They were surprised when I told them I was from San Francisco. The first thing I asked for was hard-tack and molasses, as I had been so long without bread. I was more anxious for it than anything else. They gave me the bread, but as the captain said the steward was making some soup for me, and it would be ready in a few minutes, I did not eat the hard-tack, but waited for the soup; and while it was being got ready they gave me a cup of tea. I thought of the alcohol I had left, and told them where they would find it. They passed it out of the boat, I

mixed it with the tea and drank it, which revived me wonderfully. I afterwards drank a tea cup full of soup, with which I ate a small piece of toasted bread, and that was as much as I wanted. I felt as though I had done very well for that day. I was surprised at myself not being able to talk enough to converse with anyone; they advised me not to try, as they would have plenty of time when I got stronger to hear the particulars of the voyage. About eight o'clock I went to the berth prepared for me in the cabin, and slept sound for about four hours, feeling greatly refreshed on awakening. The next morning I had a salt water bath and went to breakfast, and managed to control my appetite without much trouble, improving wonderfully while I remained on board. The vessel was the schooner "Alfred Vittery," Captain Boor, from the Solomon group, eleven days out, where she had been on a voyage recruiting Polynesians for labor work on plantations. She was bound for Maryborough, Queensland, Australia. She had 97 Islanders on board, who evinced great amazement at seeing me alone in the boat, and gathered round me whenever I came on deck, chattering with intense interest. The captain told me his Lat. was (when he picked me up) 22.,08 S. Long. 154.,46 E. Bearing N.E. by N., distance 160 miles from Sandy Cape. I had then been 162 days out from San Francisco, California. The distance from San Francisco to Sandy Cape is about 7000 miles. So the "Pacific" must have sailed something over that amount. The distance the log registered to the time I lost it was about 6500 miles. The kindness I received from Captain Boor, and, in fact, the whole crew, I can never forget. They all seemed so anxious to do all they could for me. After the vessel lay in port for four weeks, she started on another voyage in the same trade. My wish in parting with them was that by some good chance we might happen to meet again under more favorable circumstances.

Log of schooner after I was picked up:—

Monday, January 29th, 2 p.m. Sighted boat. 5 p.m. Alongside; contained one man; hoisted it up to the davits and secured it, and then proceeded on our course.

Tuesday, January 30. Light wind and pleasant weather, with clear sky. 8 p.m. Moderate breeze and fine weather. 12 p.m. Sighted Sandy Island light; bore S. by E., ¾ E. Distance, 23 miles.

Wednesday, January 31st, noon. Sandy Cape lighthouse; bore N.E., ½ E. Distance 16 miles. 5:30 p.m. Passed Fairway Buoy. 7 p.m. Pilot Evans came on board and took charge. 8 p.m. Came to anchor off Woody Island.

Thursday, February 1st. 10 a.m. Hove up anchor and proceeded with light S.E. breeze. 5:30 p.m. Entered the Mary River. 10 p.m. Came to anchor four miles below Dundatha. Midnight. Calm and clear.

Friday, February 2nd. 12:30 a.m. Hove up and towed vessel with boats. 8 a.m. Made fast alongside of Wilson and Hart's old Mill. 9 a.m. The Doctor passed the Polynesians. 11 a.m. Cast off the lines and set sail; came to anchor in the river on the east side, and moored ship to the bank. P.M. Discharged the Polynesians and cleared ship.[21] In the evening I went ashore and took up quarters at the Melbourne Hotel, feeling tired and exhausted after the day. As night drew on I got worse, so that I was hardly able to speak. I found that I had talked too much during the day, and over-exerted myself. The night was warm and close, not a breath of wind, which was very trying to me, after being so long at sea, accustomed to plenty of fresh air; and, as fate would have it, the room was poorly ventilated, so that sleep was out of the question. After lying awake all night, I got up in the morning, feeling feverish and exhausted, and had to be taken to the hospital, which I found cool and pleasantly situated, with plenty of ventilation, kind and attentive nurses, and a gentlemanly doctor, who told me the next day that I had no fever (which I was glad to hear), but that I had been interviewed too much, and wanted rest and quietness. I improved for a few days, but as the weather became very warm, I got worse; so that after remaining three weeks in Maryborough, I found myself weaker than when I landed, and much reduced (weighing only 134lb.; my usual weight being 177lb. I weighed, on landing from the schooner, 148lb. I then thought I would try the sea air of Pialba, which was cool and refreshing, with a splendid beach for bathing, opposite the hotel. I made good use of this change by bathing daily; so that on March 9th, I felt myself strong enough to return to Maryborough; and I commenced from this date to improve slowly in strength and weight, but I had to be very careful of my diet, and frequently

felt quite enervated. I had great difficulty in abstaining from talk, although every word I uttered caused me considerable suffering, both in lungs and head; and I believe my attempts to relate incidents of the voyage, retarded my improvement. However, from the end of March I made rapid strides in the right direction; and, at the date of publishing my log, I feel quite convalescent, and I am sure none the worse for my long, tedious, and lonesome trip.

My readers may well imagine the feelings of gratitude I bear towards Captain Boor and his crew; and, although no words can possibly express the delight I experienced at the sight of the "Alfred Vittery," I take this opportunity of recording my heartfelt thanks to Captain Boor and his crew for the attention and consideration I received on board; and, also, for the many kindnesses I received from friends in Maryborough since my landing. Although I was an absolute stranger in a strange land, I was treated as hospitably as a man could be, and I shall have exceeding great pleasure, when I return to my native land (America), in expressing my experience of Australian hospitality.

April 4th. Left Maryborough for Sydney in the S. S. "Leichardt," with the intention of exhibiting the "Pacific." Called in at Brisbane and stayed two days.

April 9th. Arrived in Sydney, but failed to procure a suitable building to exhibit boat, so I concluded to travel in the country districts until I should obtain a central room in Sydney. I have been questioned by several as to the state of my mind during the voyage. I certainly felt very lonesome the first month, but found my mind fully occupied after that. It is my present intention to see all the colonies, returning to Maryborough before I ship for America, as I shall be glad to see the faces and land from whom and where, I may say, I received my second life.

Since my arrival in Sydney, I saw by a paragraph extracted from the *San Francisco Bulletin,* of December last, that Captain Burns, of the barquantine "Tropicvance," which I referred to in my "Log," was kind enough to keep his promise, and report me in San Francisco. And perhaps it will interest my readers to know I have already received a letter from my home in Buffalo, New York, stating that it was a great consolation to all my friends, at

Christmas time, to know that I had been seen alive, after completing more than half of my voyage, as they had abandoned the hope of ever again seeing or hearing from

Your humble servant,

BERNARD GILBOY.

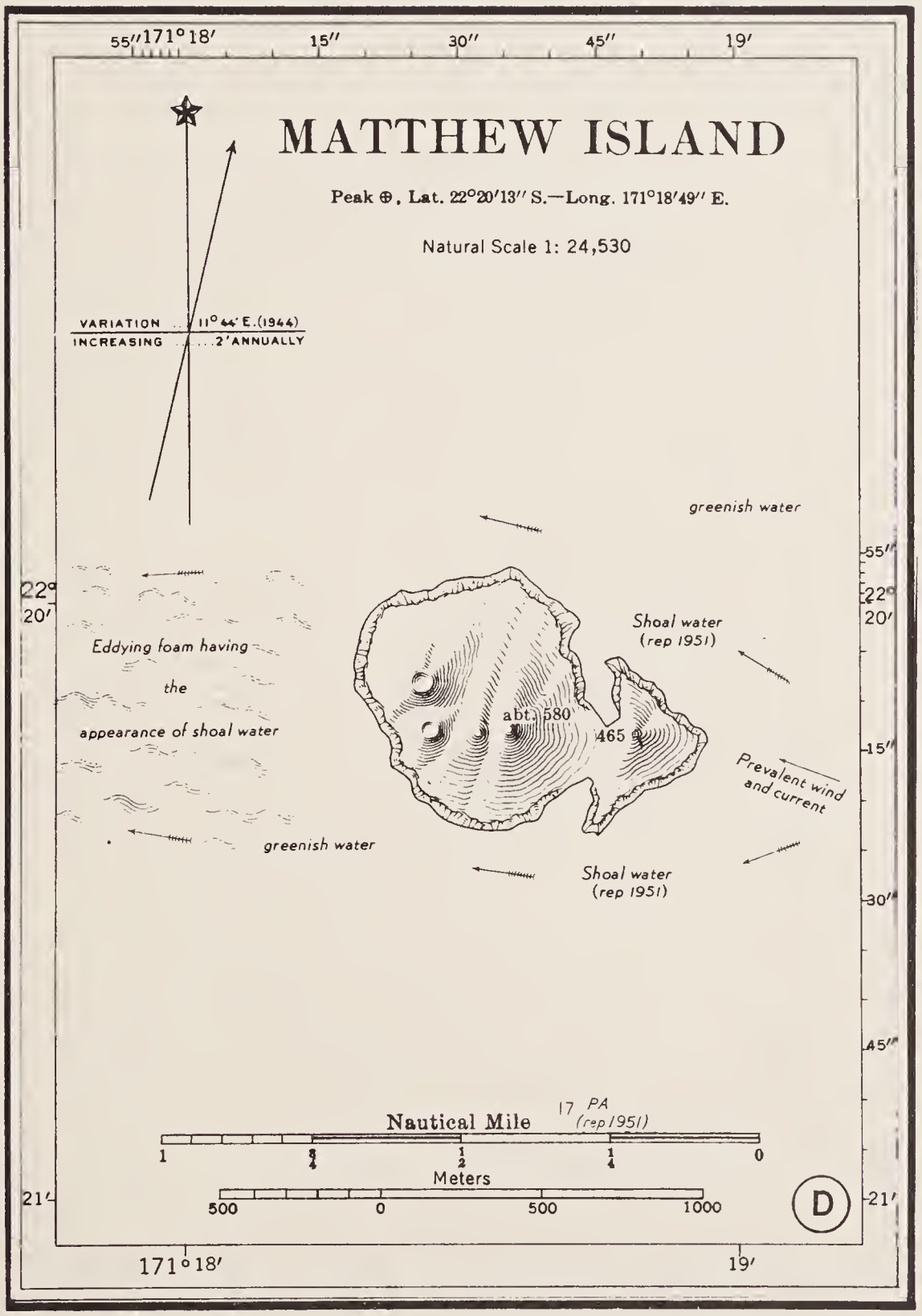


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Chart showing Matthew Island, concerning which the Gilboy log appears to have been in grave error.

NEWSPAPER NOTICES CONCERNING BERNARD GILBOY

San Francisco Daily Examiner, August 19, 1882, 2:6

RECKLESS VOYAGING.

An Eccentric Mariner Sails in an Open Boat for Australia.

No little excitement was caused among the crowd of loungers who frequent the boatsteps at the foot of Washington street yesterday afternoon, when a small skiff, rigged with two masts and flying at the fore a huge American flag, pulled out from the dock, and a swarthy individual who took great pains to keep his name concealed, arose in the stern and shouted: "All aboard for Australia!" The little vessel, which measures only eighteen feet over all, and is named the Pacific, arrived at the wharf Thursday night and took on board a quantity of stores that were in waiting. Nothing was seen of the eccentric master until 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when he went to the boat and busied himself arranging his cargo of eatables. Without conversing with any one or making his intentions known other than that he proposed sailing to Australia, he shifted his jib and mainsail and with a lively breeze passed around the seawall and out the Gate. Inquiry at the Custom-house showed that he had not obtained clearance papers, and will, perhaps, find difficulty in getting in a foreign port, unless because of his curious motives in undertaking the hazardous voyage. He is known to have been for some time in the employ of the United Workmen's shoe factory, and claims to have been once fifty days at sea in an open boat. Why he should desire to make the dangerous trip unaccompanied to the Southern Continent is a mystery, and it is more than probable that before he is many days out he will tack for the California coast, and consider himself lucky if he ever reaches it.

San Francisco Evening Bulletin, August 19, 1882, 4:4

Off for Australia.—A reckless mariner pushed off from Washington-street wharf yesterday afternoon in a small sloop, and standing on the thwarts shouted, "All aboard for Australia." He passed out into the bay and through the Gate. Nothing is known of the identity of the mysterious stranger. No clearance papers were issued from the Custom House for a craft of the description mentioned.

San Francisco Call, August 20, 1882, 5:5

"All aboard for Australia!" shouted a man Friday morning, as he drew out from the Washington street wharf in a small sloop. He passed on down the bay and out of the Heads. Nothing is known along the water front of the mysterious stranger, nor have any clearance papers been issued to him out of the Custom House.

San Francisco Chronicle, December 19, 1882, 1:3

THE DORY "PACIFIC."

She is Spoken Ninety Days Out from This Port.

The barkentine *Tropic Bird,* which arrived yesterday from Tahiti, reports having spoken the dory *Pacific,* which sailed from this port four months ago for Australia. The encounter with the miniature craft is thus recounted in the log of November 17th:
Latitude 14 deg. 50 min. south, longitude 149 deg. 5 min. west; light, variable winds, freshening somewhat toward night. About sunset we discovered a small sail boat off our starboard bow. As we came up abreast of her we hove to and waited for her to come up, thinking she might be in need of some assistance. It was nearly dark before she was near enough to be plainly distinguished, when we made out a small schooner-rigged boat, decked over and with the stars and stripes floating from her mizzen gaff. In answer to our Captain's "Boat ahoy," a strong voice came back: "This is the boat *Pacific,* ninety days out from San Francisco and bound

for Brisbane, Australia." We could hardly credit this assertion at first, but as the little shell came alongside we could see that she was thoroughly equipped for sea service. In answer to our inquiries the Captain said his name was Bernard Gilboy, and that he was making the voyage entirely alone, just to see what could be done. His boat, he said, was less than two tons burden—1⅞ exactly. He reported having experienced fine weather throughout the voyage, except between latitude 5 and 8 deg. north, where he had head winds and calms, and was delayed twenty-nine days. He seemed cheerful and sanguine of success: wanted no assistance, but only wished to inquire our longitude for comparison with his own. We insisted on his accepting some fruit, and as we were both losing a valuable breeze, we wished him success, and separated in our different directions, promising to report him when we arrived in San Francisco.

San Francisco Evening Bulletin, December 19, 1882, 3:6

A LITTLE CRAFT IN MID OCEAN.

Tidings of the dory Pacific, that sailed from this port in August bound for Australia, have been brought in by the barkentine Tropic Bird that arrived yesterday from Tahiti. Following is the entry on the log made November 17th: [quotation from log same as above]

San Francisco Daily Examiner, December 20, 1882, 3:7

A FOOLHARDY VOYAGER.

The trim little barkentine Tropic Bird, which arrived Monday from Tahiti, reports having spoken the dory Pacific on November 17th in latitude 14 deg. 50 min. south, longitude 149 deg. 5 min west, ninety days out from this port for Australia. The departure of this queer little craft, which measures less than two tons burden, was noticed in the EXAMINER, and at the time of her sailing misgivings were expressed for the safety of the foolhardy adven-

ture. Nothing, however, seems to have befallen Mr. Gilboy, the solitary voyager who constitutes captain, crew and passenger, as he stated to the master of the Tropic Bird that he had progressed admirably, the only difficulty met with being twenty-nine days of calms and baffling winds. When he left this harbor, going out through the Heads with her two small sails filled, the only intelligence given of his intentions was when he arose in the stern of his canoe and shouted, "All aboard for Australia!" It was thought by those who heard him that he was only going for a coasting cruise, and his shout was laughed at as ridiculous. No intelligence having afterward been received of his whereabouts he was given up for lost. He informed the Captain of the Tropic Bird that he was well supplied with provisions, and refused the offer of some island fruits, saying that the wind blowing was too good to be lost and he must be off. When last seen the Pacific was bowling along at a great rate.

Maryborough Chronicle, February 2, 1883

The schooner Alfred Vittery arrived off the White Cliffs yesterday from the South Sea Islands. A telegram was kindly forwarded to us stating that she reports picking up a boat, 18 feet long, with six feet beam, and 2 feet 6 inches deep, with one man in her, named Gilboy. He says that he left San Francisco on the 12th August last on a voyage to Australia, and was, at the time of being picked up, 162 days out.

He was nearly starved at the time, as his boat capsized twice and he lost most of his provisions, his watch and compass, on one or other of those occasions. Gilboy is an American of about 30 years of age. He is now fast recovering from his late trials. There can be no doubt as to the truth of the man's statements, as he is in possession of the formal clearance of his little craft from the Customs at San Francisco, the whole of which is reported perfectly correct. The Alfred Vittery may be expected here early this morning, and will bring both the man and his boat with her, when we shall no doubt, be supplied with full particulars as to his adventure, so singular in more senses than one.

Maryborough Chronicle, February 3, 1883

AN EXTRAORDINARY VOYAGE

The trips of vessels trading to the South Seas are seldom performed without some incident of interest, but that which occurred during the close of the trip of the Alfred Vittery, which arrived here yesterday, is of more than usual interest. It appears that last Monday, the 29th. January, about 2 p.m., when about 160 miles off Sandy Cape, the crew of the Vittery sighted a small boat making across her bows with the evident intention of hauling up alongside. The Vittery altered her course, and before long the two were close enough to be connected by line, when it was discovered that the only inmate of the strange craft was a man who, from the first, showed every sign of weakness and emaciation from exposure. The man, as soon as he came on board, staggered forward and asked for something to eat, and ere long, Captain Boor was enabled to place before him a warm meal, which was greedily devoured; meanwhile an eager crowd gathered around him anxious for some account of how and by what strange circumstances he was brought to such a curious position. We extract from the man's log, which he kept regularly during his voyage, the points of greatest interest, premising these facts by saying that his name is Bernard Gilfoy, of Buffalo, U. S., and that his life from his earliest recollection has been spent on the sea. He started on his voyage with the determination of making for Australia single-handed across the Pacific Ocean. His Customs certificate dates from San Francisco, August 18th, 1882, in which it is remarked that Bernard Gilfoy starts "on a voyage of pleasure" for Australia. The little boat, the "Pacific," was built expressly for the trip at a cost of something like 400 dollars, being of 2 tons register, 18ft. long, 6 feet beam, and with a depth of 2 feet 6 inches. She is covered in all over, but has a couple of hatches, one amidships and one aft. The fore part was used mostly for the water casks and, as each of these casks was drunk, it was filled with salt water for ballasting purposes. In the after part of the vessel was the cabin *cum* kitchen *cum* everything which was intended as a comfort or necessity. However, the Pacific, cutter, with its solitary occupant, left the port of San Francisco on August 19th, bound, rather indefinitely, for Australia.

Nothing happened during the first week, though much discomfort had to be put up with owing to the lowness of the boat in the water from the amount of her supplies, which were intended to last five months, together with 140 gallons of water.

Then no less than twenty-nine days of alternate calms and head winds followed, during which the fish boneta and sea turtles came round the vessel in great quantities. His object was to make due south and catch the SE trades and so when fair winds set in he crossed the line in longitude 136 degrees on Friday, 26th September. About this time Gilfoy found that he would have to shorten his allowance, as the calms without progress had somewhat reduced them, but on the other hand he found that he could eat but very little, having so little exercise. Splendid winds then set in while he was running South between latitudes 5 degrees S, and 15 degrees S. His habit was to sleep three or four hours before daylight, but he found about this time that his sleep was much disturbed by a constant knocking at the bottom of the boat, this was due to the fact that his boat was surrounded by small fish which the sharks would attempt to catch, but only when it was dark or during a squall. The sharks would come right up alongside and, turning over, try and gulp down as many fish as possible. To avoid this he made a harpoon out of a kind of boat hook he had, and though he speared many, was unable to bring them alongside and kill them; but his constant efforts made the sharks fight shy of him, so he says that at night, when turning in, he would place his shirt where he was accustomed to sit at the helm and thus the fish would keep away and trouble him no more with their midnight rappings. On November 10th he sighted the barquentine Tropic Vance, Captain Burns, from Tahiti to San Francisco, he went alongside the vessel and obtained his correct longitude, as so far he had been using dead reckoning; having exchanged greetings and received a quantity of fruit he proceeded again. After passing the Tropic Vance the Pacific made some of her finest runs, from 98 miles in 24 hours to 106 miles, by patent log. On Saturday, 7th Dec., the Island of Eoa, the southernmost island in the Friendly Group, was passed, and he ran to the south of it. On the 14 December, after running before a heavy sea and wind, but both favourable to the course, a heavy sea broke under the boat and turned

her completely over. He had his mainsail and foresail up, but closely reefed. He himself went backward into the water and coming alongside the boat, he clambered up the bottom. And now he had to commence a series of manoeuvres to get the boat righted. At night he had been in the habit, when asleep, of using a "floating anchor," with which to heave to on, and so on this, which with forty feet of rope was connected with the boat, he was enabled after about an hour's hard work, to haul away and right his boat, but here again another diffculty arose.

The boat was, of course, nearly full of water and he proceeded to bail, when the boat capsized a second time, more on account of the unevenness of the balance in the water which had leaked into the compartments, than anything else. However, she was righted with more ease this time, and he proceeded to clear everything at once which would make her top heavy, and fastening all the spars together, he let them float some way behind on the sea anchor, thereby steadying the boat, and at the same time lessening the risk of her toppling over. He was at the time 1400 miles from Sandy Cape, with provisions almost gone, and his boat nearly full, and a heavy sea on. He bailed away that night and next day secured all things snug and taut in the boat, and on Saturday, the 10th December, he got under weigh again with pleasant weather and everything so snug that by means of a kerosene lamp and stove he was enabled to get a warm meal. Shortly after this, a swordfish struck the vessel in the forepart, and not till things were floating about in the vessel was the leak suspected. This was soon stopped. Having had the compass, his watch and most of the provisions lost in the two upsets, he now made for New Caledonia. On the 24th December he sighted Fearne or Hunter Island, a barren rock standing out 400 feet from the sea. On Christmas Day he had about 12 lbs. corned meat, half-gallon of alcohol, and 15 gallons of water. Beef and alcohol were taken "straight" for dinner that day. On the 28th December the Island Mathews was passed, where, having no choice, he had to sail clean over a reef, the surf from which dragged his "sea anchor" overboard. Here the depth of water enabled him to anchor till daylight.

New Year's Day was spent with about the same cold collation which characterized his Christmas Day. Here he gave up making for

New Caledonia as the winds and current were unfavourable. On 7th January he caught a bird which lit on the boat and he had a feast. On the 11th he caught another bird which came on his head. January 14th he ate the last meat, a 2-lb. tin having lasted him a week. He was lucky in sometimes catching the flying fish which dropped on board, these he ate without ceremony. On the 16th his rudder giving way he had to contrive a means for steering and this he performed with success and ingenuity. On sighting Middle Bellouia Island and he found he was 5° out in his reckoning. He caught a bird again off there, but on Jan. 21st his hunger began to grow upon him and he was forced to pick the largest barnacles which were on the side of the boat, and sucking them spit them out again.

On the 24th he shot a bird with his revolver, but was unable to get to it from the water. On the 20th he was lucky enough to again catch a bird and made two meals from it, having cooked it over a heap of broken matches. Sunday and Monday passed without anything to eat, and a calm all the time, but towards the evening of the latter day a breeze sprung up, but by this time he was too far gone and too reckless of consequences from exhaustion, to heed much which way he steered; he slept last Sunday night, and on the following day at about 10 o'clock he had written his log and taken the attitude, and went to lay down, curious to say, more downhearted on his prospects than he had yet felt, when on lifting his head to his joyous surprise, he sighted a vessel quite near to him. He made for it, and was assured by her altering her course she saw him. As we have already said, he was taken aboard the Alfred Vittery and brought up to town yesterday. He is naturally full of thanks to those whom chance so opportunely threw in his way, and the kindness with which he was received by both captain and crew, deserves the highest praise. The man is apparently about thirty-three years old, tall, and of stout build, *i.e.*, will be, when he has fully recovered from the effects of his trip. He was kindly taken by Mr. Booker to the Melbourne Hotel, and his boat can be seen hanging from the davits of the schooner. Gilboy very nearly accomplished his task, the wisdom of which undertaking is best known to himself, and has at least the knowledge that he has performed a feat without parallel on the waters of the Pacific.

Maryborough Chronicle, February 5, 1883

Mr. Bernard Gilboy, the American adventurer across the Pacific in a small boat, Rob Roy fashion, and who was recently picked up by the labour schooner, "Alfred Vittery," is now in the Hospital suffering from typhoid fever.

Maryborough Chronicle, February 12, 1883

The adventurous American sailor, Bernard Gilboy, who arrived here last week alone in a small boat from San Francisco, has recovered from his illness, and is now engaged preparing a narrative of his 162 days' lonely voyage across the Pacific Ocean. The narrative will be published in Maryborough and offered for sale to the reading public.

San Francisco Daily Alta California, March 24, 1883, 2:3

The dory "Pacific" is reported as arrived safely at Australia. Her only occupant gives a thrilling account of his perilous trip. He arrived, as above, and the fools are not all dead yet.

WOODWARD'S GARDENS.

Saturday and Sunday.....Oct. 6th and 7th

COLOSSAL ALLIED ATTRACTIONS.

First Appearance of

M-I-S-S A-G-G-I-E T-A-Y-L-O-R,

The Distinguished Cornet Soloist,

AND THE FOLLOWING STAR SPECIALISTS,

In Acrobatic, Gymnastic, Operatic, Terpsichorean, Pantomime and Variety:

Messrs. Walsh, King, Siegrist, Duray, Monroe, Oxford, Stonetti Bros., Mlles. Bertha, Imogene Wallace, the Allen Sisters and Grand Olio Combination.

Comic Trick Pantomime,

TROUBLES OF MONS. DE SHALEMO!

After which Concerts in the Music Hall.

On Exhibition, the boat PACIFIC, in which CAPT. GILBOY made the voyage alone from San Francisco to Australia. oc5 2t

Notes

NOTES TO THE LOG

1. This is not precisely the case. The evidence supplied by the *Maryborough Chronicle* story (February 3, 1883) of Gilboy's trip indicated that he had a log with him. The details of the trip as they appeared in the *Chronicle* and as they appeared in the printed version of the log present so many features of agreement that one must believe Gilboy did not lose his log and write from memory.
However, internal evidence supplied by the printed log showed that he must have altered some of the entries. In one instance, he discussed an event which did not, in fact, occur until many days after he first mentioned it.

2. Some evidence exists to suggest that Gilboy made a much earlier, single-handed passage in the Pacific. If corroborated, this feat would give Gilboy two "firsts" in the largest ocean in the world. According to the Mahoney Manuscript, Gilboy "made a successful trip from British Columbia to the Sandwich Islands, a distance of over 2,000 miles in about six week's time." Gilboy told a reporter in San Francisco that he had "been once fifty days at sea in an open boat." (San Francisco *Examiner,* August 19, 1882: 2:6)
Gilboy's sons in San Francisco remember their father telling of this trip but remember none of the essential details upon which a successful search might be based. The several Archivists of Canada, the Province of British Columbia, and the Territory of Hawaii have been unable to provide any pertinent information. The Victoria (B.C.) *British Colonist* for 1870-78 contains no reference to Gilboy.

3. The firm of Burns & Kneass first appeared in San Francisco city directories in 1880, but both partners had been building boats for some years prior to that date. The firm, now known as George W. Kneass Company, is headed by Webster Kneass, son of George W. Kneass.

4. This is an error. August 3, 1882 was a Thursday. Imagine launching a craft and sailing on such a voyage within a fortnight!

5. Burns & Kneass were located at 22 Mission Street, on the waterfront. By "down the bay" Gilboy means he moved his vessel north, toward the Golden Gate. The Clay Street wharf is now occupied in part by the Ferry Building, one of the best known San Francisco landmarks.

6. Mr. Edward B. Jerome, Deputy Collector of Customs.

7. The newspaper accounts of Gilboy's departure were unanimous in stating that he did not obtain clearance papers from the Custom House. Gilboy stated clearly that he did, and the Maryborough *Chronicle* story of his arrival said that "his customs certificate dates from San Francisco, August 18, 1882, in which it is remarked that Bernard Gilfoy 'starts on a voyage of pleasure' for Australia."
The National Archives in Washington, D. C., and the Central Records Depository in South San Francisco, have no copies of the clearance papers. However, not all such records were deposited according to the law. I believe that Gilboy's own statement should be given full credence.

8. Grains, a fish spear, see entry for November 11th.

9. Probably not seagulls, but goonies of the albatross family.

10. An interesting variation on an old complaint. In this case, Salt, Salt, everywhere, but nary a grain to sprinkle! It is the rare provisioner who remembers *everything*.

11. acc., as used here, means longitude by account, an obsolete term for dead reckoning. Admiral W. H. Smyth's *Sailors Word Book* (London, 1867), p. 454, gives: Longitude by Account. The distance east and west, as computed from the ship's course and distance run, carried froward from the last astronomical observation.

12. Bombard reported that one of his greatest problems was lack of exercise, a factor which undoubtedly contributed to his success in keeping alive solely on the products of the sea.

13. This vessel was the "Tropic Bird."

14. First named Middleburg Island, by Tasman; Cook reported it. It lies about nine miles south of Tonga-Tabu and appears on American sailing charts as Eua; variations are Eoa, Eooa.

15. Cattow, Catto, Kattow, Kattau, or Kalau, as it now appears on American charts. Captain Cook sailed between Eua and Kalau.

16. This is Hunter Island, discovered by Captain Fearn in the ship "Hunter" in 1798. "It is a small island, but high enough to be seen 11 or 12 leagues off. It was also described by Captain Fearn as being 14 leagues from Matthew Island." (Alexander G. Findlay, *A Directory for the Navigation of the Pacific Ocean* (London, 1851), v. 2, p. 822)

17. The entry for Saturday, December 24, is clear evidence that the original log must have been changed in the printed version. On this date, Gilboy referred to a storm which did not commence until January 6. The northerly gale that set him to the south and west of the southern tip of New Caledonia was described in the entries of January 6-9. It was during this time that he was hove to and driven to the south and west of New Caledonia, and hence out of a position from which he might have reached Noumea.

18. Matthew Island, according to Findlay (v. 2., p. 821) "was discovered by Captain Gilbert in the "Charlotte," May 26, 1788. It is a conical rock, *about a mile in circumference* [italics mine], 1,186 feet high, and is a volcano, sometimes in activity. From the southwest, at a distance, say of 20 miles, it appears as two, one a peaked rock, and the other part flat. This has probably given rise to the statement of Captain Fearn, of the existence of a flat rock to the northward of it. If this is not the case, the flat rock has disappeared by

volcanic or other means. There appears to be a reef round the South and East ends of the island, at about a half-mile from the shore, on which the sea breaks heavily."

19. Gilboy's description of the island around which he was obliged to detour a distance of a hundred miles does not, so far as I can discover, relate to any known land mass in the area.

20. Gilboy decided wisely. This four-day norther that drove him so far south was the one to which he alluded in his entry for December 24. Although he was too far west to fetch New Caledonia, his judgment put him in a position where, with luck almost too good to be true, he spoke the ship that rescued him.

21. All attempts to locate the log of the "Alfred Vittery" have proved fruitless.

NOTES ON PHOTOGRAPH OF "PACIFIC"

This only known photograph of the "Pacific" shows clearly the jury rig occasioned by the nearly fatal capsizing that the vessel suffered on December 24, 1882. The storm trysail on its boom made from a 12-foot oar is hoisted from the peak of the foremast. Its sheet leads to a ring bolt just forward of the stern post. This sail plan worked with good effect. The jury rudder speaks for itself.

The halliards for the storm trysail and the foresail lead from the deck forward through blocks and thence to the peak of the foremast. Evidently they were made fast to cleats just forward of the after hatch. Surely no careful and experienced sailor would clutter his deck with such dangerous pitfalls under normal conditions. It seems more likely that Gilboy brought his leads aft to enable him to handle the sail in an emergency, at least, without having to move from his steering aft. In the latter stages of his voyage he was probably too weak to do much more than make emergency adjustments, and these would, in the event of a sudden blow, be confined to getting the canvas off her in a hurry, which he could do by casting off the halliards from their cleats immediately in front of him.

The sea-anchor lies furled on deck. His oar, over the port side, is secured to the starboard side by a piece of light line. It evidently lived at his right hand when not in use, probably just inside the starboard handrail.

The rectangular object on the port side forward of Gilboy is a mystery. The enormous anchor overhanging the bow is in sharp contrast to the streamlined Danforth anchor of today.

NOTES ON DRAWINGS OF "PACIFIC"

The drawings of the sheer plan, deck plan, and body lines are the work of Richard R. Lyon, designer, of the firm of George W. Kneass Company, successors to the firm that built the "Pacific." They are believed to approximate very closely the original drawings.

Reference to her body lines shows the "Pacific" to have been fuller aft than forward, with very little dead rise. She was clearly intended primarily for the

westward run through essentially a fair-wind area and was not designed to point high into the wind, which would have been essential had the return trip been contemplated. It is evident, not only from her lines, but from her reported runs, that she was well designed to sail off the wind.

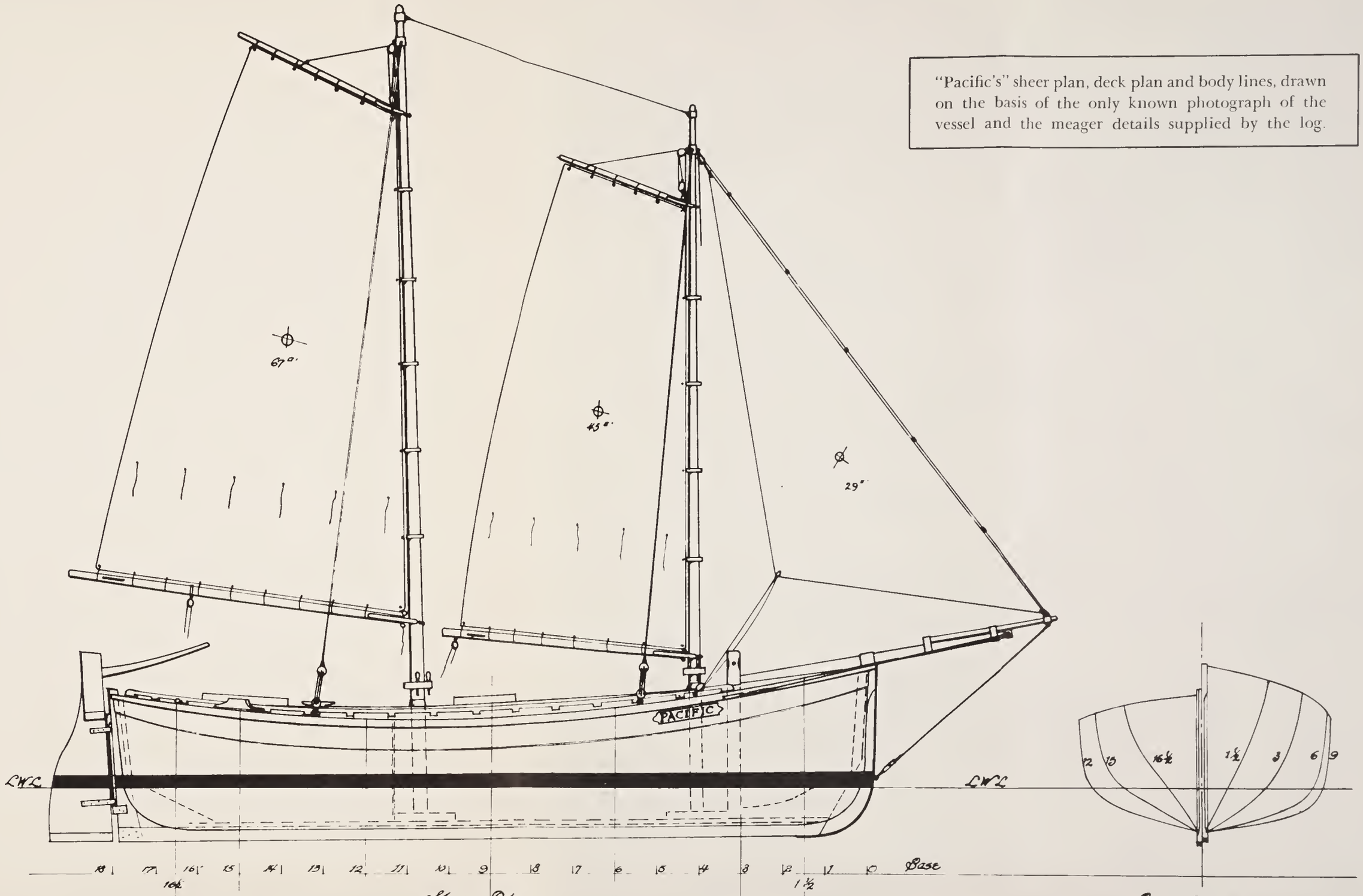
A curious feature of her construction has to do with her readily removable masts. Gilboy apparently felt that he might well have to unship his masts, and to this end had covers made that could seal the holes in the deck when his masts were removed.

Normally, in a vessel with lightly supported masts, it has been found that much greater strength can be imparted to the masts if they are fitted tightly at the deck level, and firmly secured in their steps. Loose fitting at the deck would produce dangerous wear, to say nothing of impairing water-tight integrity. How Gilboy overcame these problems is not stated. Shims or wedges at the deck level may have been used, and caulking and canvas collars would have sufficed to insure water-tight integrity.

The locations of the mainsail and foresail sheet blocks are not known and hence are not shown. They may have both been on the centerline of the vessel, they may have been on travellers, or they may have been in pairs, on each side of the deck.

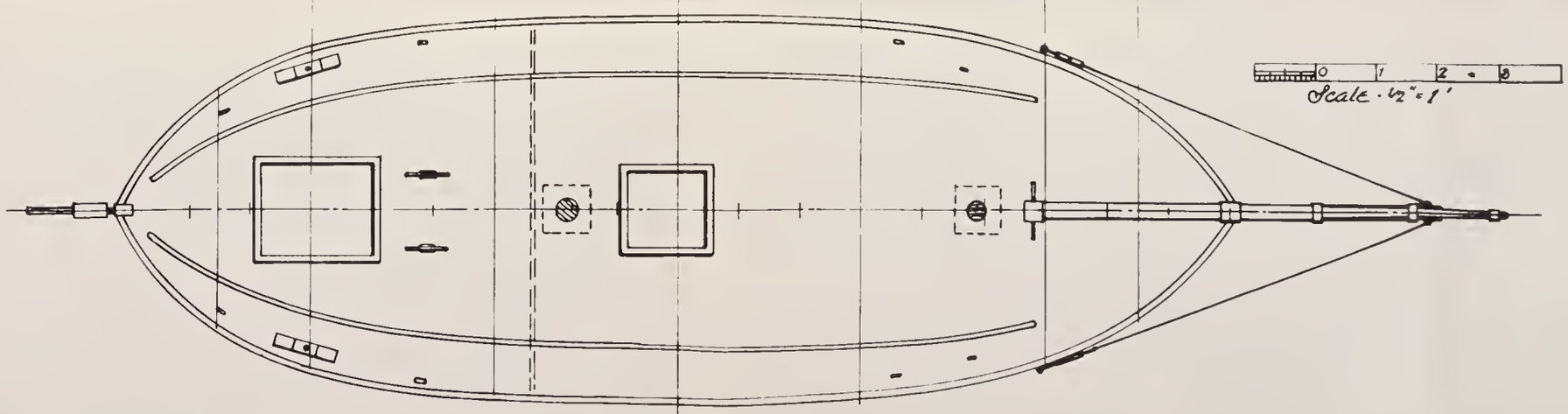
Mr. Henry Rusk of the M. H. de Young Museum in San Francisco, a well-known authority on small boat design and construction, believes "Pacific" to have been essentially a Columbia River salmon boat. Both Mr. Kneass and Mr. Lyon also remarked on the similarity of "Pacific" to this type of vessel. Howard I. Chapelle's American Small Sailing Craft; Their Design, Development and Construction, published by W. W. Norton, New York, 1951 adds to this belief.

"Pacific's" sheer plan, deck plan and body lines, drawn on the basis of the only known photograph of the vessel and the meager details supplied by the log.



Sheer Plan

Body Lines



Deck

Scale · ½" = 1'

SCHOONER "PACIFIC"

18' × 6' × 2'6"

BUILT IN 1882 BY

BURNS & KNEASS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

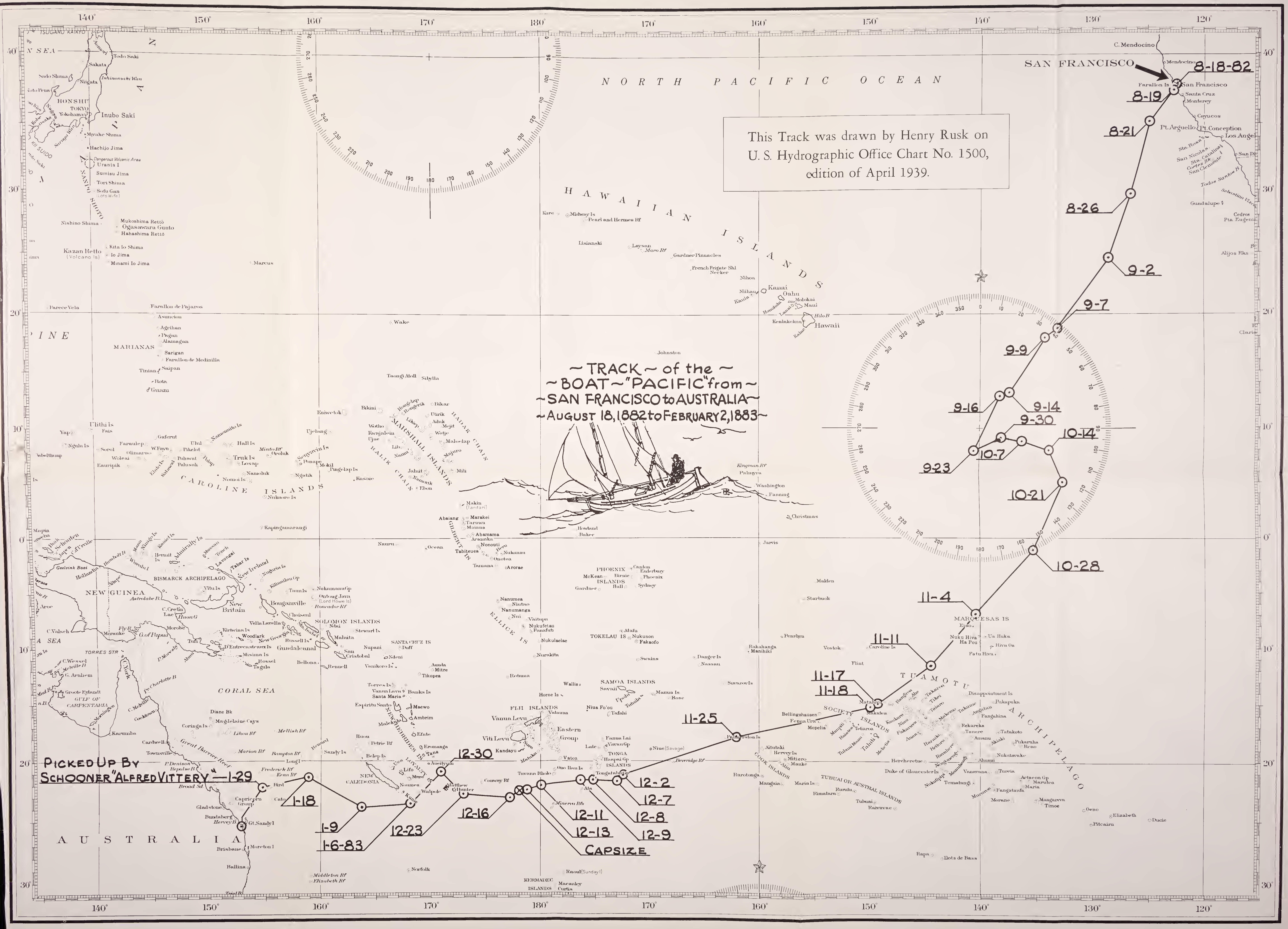
REDRAWN BY

GEO. W. KNEASS CO.

BOATBUILDERS & DESIGNERS

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

DRAWN BY D. R. Lyon 1933



This Track was drawn by Henry Rusk on U. S. Hydrographic Office Chart No. 1500, edition of April 1939.
~ TRACK ~ of the ~
~ BOAT ~ "PACIFIC" from ~
~ SAN FRANCISCO to AUSTRALIA ~
~ AUGUST 18, 1882 to FEBRUARY 2, 1883 ~
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN
HAWAIIAN ISLANDS
SAN FRANCISCO
8-18-82
8-19
8-21
8-26
9-2
9-7
9-9
9-14
9-16
9-23
9-30
10-7
10-14
10-21
10-28
11-4
11-11
11-17
11-18
11-25
12-2
12-7
12-8
12-9
12-11
12-13
CAPSIZE
12-16
12-23
12-30
1-6-83
1-9
1-18
PICKED UP BY SCHOONER "ALFRED VITTERY" — 1-29
MARQUESAS IS
TUAMOTU ARCHIPELAGO
SOCIETY ISLANDS
COOK ISLANDS
TUBUAI OR AUSTRAL ISLANDS
SAMOA ISLANDS
FIJI ISLANDS
TONGA ISLANDS
TOKELAU IS
PHOENIX ISLANDS
ELLICE IS
SANTA CRUZ IS
SOLOMON ISLANDS
NEW HEBRIDES
NEW CALEDONIA
BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO
NEW GUINEA
CORAL SEA
AUSTRALIA
MARSHALL ISLANDS
CAROLINE ISLANDS
MARIANAS
HONSHU
KERMADEC ISLANDS

fall all who undertake such adventures. His craft twice capsized and in the process much of his food supply was lost. Also one of the "Pacific's" masts, and his watch and compass. The numerous elements of the sea and weather did their best to prevent the completion of his voyage, and in fact, did so. For Gilboy was picked up by the schooner Alfred Vittery just 160 miles off the Australian Coast. When picked up he was suffering from exhaustion and exposure and was later hospitalized with typhoid fever.

In bringing this virtually unknown log to the attention of the reader, the editor and annotator John Barr Tompkins, has done a thorough work of research on Bernard Gilboy and his voyage. To begin with a check was made to determine the number of copies of the original published log still in existence. He was able to verify the existence of six copies in the United States. None of the institutions, usual sources concerned with things maritime, consulted had ever heard of the Gilboy trip. Some of these institutions were—The New York Yacht Club, San Francisco Maritime Museum, the Marine Museum at Mystic, Conn., Yachting Magazine and certain of the book dealers whose specialty is books relating to the sea. A special feature of this edition is the inclusion of two large folded tip-ins of the "Pacific's" Track Chart and the Sheer Plan, Deck Lines and Body Lines of the Boat "Pacific".

Although Bernard Gilboy did not make his landfall in Australia, it is the belief of the editor and others that based on reports of wind and weather at the time of his rescue he could have made it, had not the schooner Alfred Vittery picked him up. Despite the unhappy turn events took to thwart his arrival, under his own command, Gilboy deserves far more attention and honor than has, up to now, been paid him. Let the reader judge.

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